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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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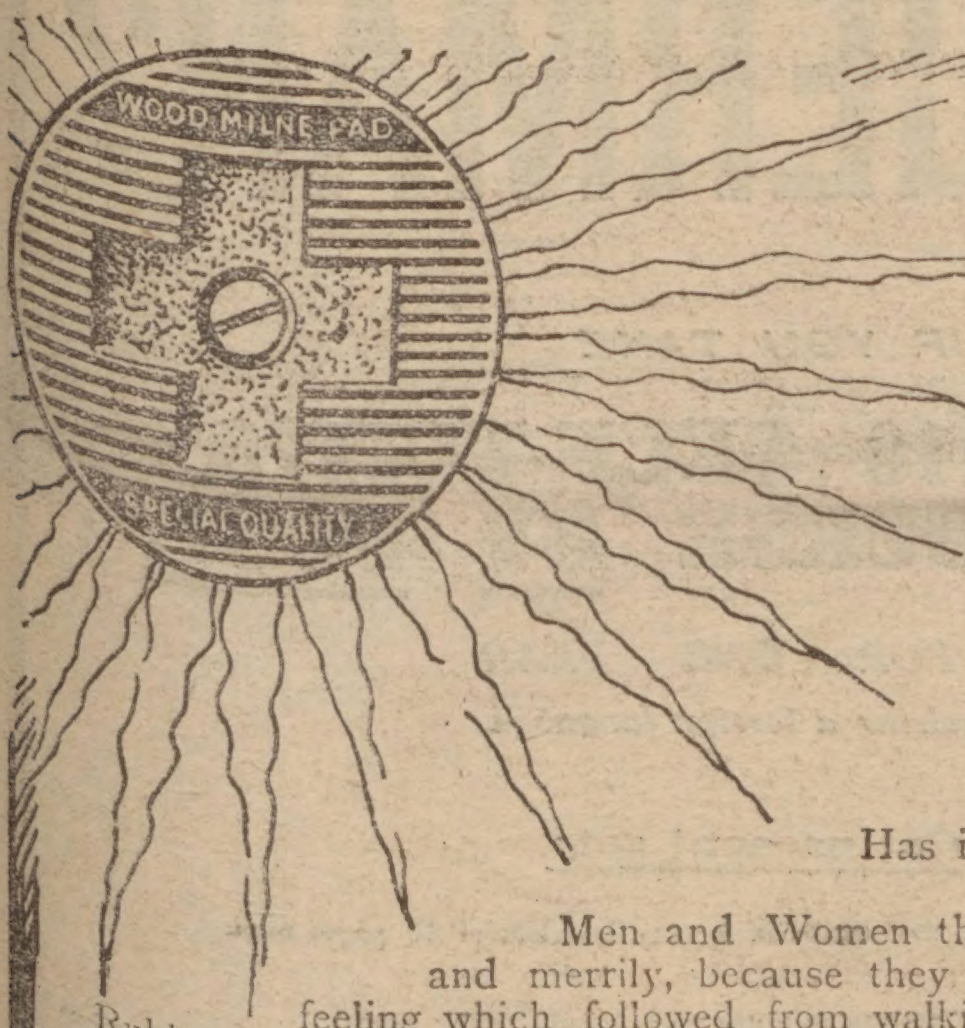

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

83. WEEK ENDING JUNE 4TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

"DAMN!"

IRRITATING MOMENTS THAT MAKE A MAN SWEAR.

stance, have you ever taken part in a competition and found yourself opo the most dangerous man in it? your will have been sparring cautiously opening, and at last have got one. Out goes your left—and the blow ou feel that victory is almost in your nd you step forward to put all your o a right-hand knock-out blow. But h sickening suddenness, the voice of ee rasps out—

hat enough to make any man breathe ishman's shortest prayer with heartfelt

again, the case of the keen foot- Say that he is the panting and g outside-right. Until, perhaps, a of an hour from the call of time he st killed himself to put his side ahead score is 1-1—and at last he gets the his feet and a clear field before e is off like an arrow, and from all s opponents bear down on him. But and twisting like an eel he evades es them all, and with his heart thumpast his ribs, finds himself at last able o his centre, who is in a good position . He brings all his sense of direction to bear, and sends the ball sailing owards the goal mouth. He sees with of satisfaction that it will fall just at re-forward's feet, but—

the corpulent referee manages to get ay. The ball hits him in a tender d the chance is lost. Will anybody he outside-right if he relieves his in a fervent "Damn!"?

rs, have you ever travelled in solitary a north-bound train, without a stop for dred miles, and settled down to the enjoyment of tobacco—only to find have no matches? This is one of st poignant miseries.

erhaps the most irritating moment of hen you promise yourself an afteracing after a hard morning's work. e down your desk with a bang, and your watch. Heavens! Only seven to catch the last special to Kempton aterloo! You hurl yourself into a omise the man double fare if he the train, and the car simply flies

just as you are turning up the hill to on from York Road, with half a o spare, up goes the hand of the gulating "Bobby!"

E. MORNINGTON.

CHEEK.

Mr. Walter Winans possesses a bay gelding called Eros. We are afraid the animal will have some difficulty in acting up to its name.

* * *

A man who applied to the Hanley justices recently for a summons, produced a piece of his ear, which he alleged had been bitten off. This should be a lesson to the habitual "ear-biters" of Fleet Street and the Strand.

* * *

HE COULDN'T RESIRENCESTER.

[We are told that Cirencester is pronounced Cister.]

A comely young damsel of Cirencester,
Had a lover who frequently Kirencester;
But the warmth of his kiss
Quite displeased the young miss,
For it raised a most horrible blirencester.

* * *

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia is the author of a musical composition entitled "The Influenza March." Irreverent critics say that it is a "snorter."

* * *

"TO EVERY RULE."

[Mr. Curtis Yorke says that "every man is pleased when a young and pretty woman asks his advice."]

To nature students it is plain
That man is very, very vain,
When some fair maid seeks his advice,
He thinks it is extremely nice.

But—say his name is Albert Green—
His look will not be so serene,
If asked "Shall I wed Henry Brown?"
He *might*, perhaps, be seen to frown!

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine was recently involved in a law-suit over a projected play called "The Unwritten Law." It was the fact of its being unwritten that caused all the trouble.

* * *

Talking of football crowds, the Very Rev. J. L. Darby, D.D., Dean of Chester, says: "They sit and smoke and *eat and drink; They do not move a muscle.*" (The italics are ours.) Possibly the reason is that, like ourselves, they cannot "swallow it."

* * *

Lady Troubridge tells us that "the gilded youths of London slavishly obey the dictates of their tradesmen." But when the latter demand payment, many of the bright boys get very naughty and disobedient.

* * *

Canon Greenwell says that "some people are inclined to conserve, but not to progress." Perhaps this is because they have got jammed

J. S. COX.

DIGGING OUT THE BADGER.

A HARD DAY'S WORK IN THE HEART OF THE WOOD.

The badger had his earth deep in the recesses of a hilly wood. For some reason unknown to most of us the owner wished him evicted, and so it happened that very soon after breakfast one day there was quite a little company toiling up the steep sides of the field to the wood where operations were about to begin.

Knowing something of the underground ways of the badger, we had naturally expected a tough job, but by the time we had reached the head of his earth, and had at last evicted him, and laid him out, we had had enough digging to last us a lifetime, and were bespattered from head to foot with the earth and rock through which we had cut.

The leader of the gang was a burly keeper, who came armed with pick and spade, and he was ably supported by two terriers and three human assistants, the latter armed with capacious shovels with which to clear away the crumbling earth as it was broken away by the keeper's pick.

It soon became evident that we had set ourselves a task that wanted some doing and that was going to test our digging and excavating powers pretty severely. The deep tunnel at the end of which our tough little quarry lay in hiding took many a turn round roots and rocks without ever bringing to light the least indication of the terminus and its inhabitant.

The morning sped away, and a long sinuous trench marked our progress, and still no end to the earth. Far down in the depths rocks lay right in our path, and before the still-diving hole could be followed, our united strength was needed to excavate and remove these obstructions.

But suddenly, with a common purpose both terriers sprang savagely into the opening. Our spirits rose, and momentarily we expected to see the snout of the badger appear at the mouth of the earth, snapping angrily at his pursuers.

He seemed, however, to have a yet deeper retreat, and pick and shovel were again brought into use. The long pick now seemed to be penetrating some great opening, and the earth around began to crumble.

Steadily the pick broke down the earthy sides of this innermost chamber. The dogs were sniffing and scraping wildly.

"Look out! Here he comes!" was the cry. A general scramble followed the warning; dogs and men were tumbling over each other to prevent the escape of the prisoner. With a snap and a rush the badger at last bolted, shooting out into the deep trench just as the walls of his earth finally caved in, showing a gaping hole.

The end was short and sharp. Only a few paces did he get, for the trench was deep, and in a few seconds he was stretched out as dead as a doornail, destined to trouble the wood no more.

ROBERT WEST.

SOME RECENT REFORMS AND THE NEED FOR MORE.

Awakening, or partially awakening, from their cataleptic attitude towards the best interests of cricket, the M.C.C. have discovered that all is not well with the game—a fact that has been patent to the ordinary observer for a good many years past.

Cricket, county cricket that is, has been steadily on the down grade in popular favour for a long time, and now the M.C.C. have endeavoured to put the brake on recently by some important resolutions.

Chief among these is the new rule which does away with draws—at least as counting towards the championship. This season, anyway, draws will be entirely ignored, and on the face of it this should make for brighter cricket.

MORE GOOD THAN HARM.

Then wickets are to be protected from rain. This may seem rather like pampering the already much-pampered first-class cricketer, but aimed, as it is, at the absurdity of grounds being declared unfit for play because there have been a few drops of rain, it will probably do more good than harm.

Then in future we shall not see such absurdities as an innings being over just before lunch, the incoming side taking a ten-minutes' interval and then coming out to bat for two or three minutes, only to return again. In future in such a case luncheon will be taken at once, time being deducted from the regular luncheon interval. But what a pity the M.C.C. had not the courage to do away with the unmanly and un-English tea interval!

Umpires are warned against stopping play on appeals for bad light because a cloud the size of a pocket-handkerchief passes across the sun.

Generally speaking, the M.C.C. have made a belated but honest effort to brighten cricket and to purge it from some at least of the scandals and absurdities of the past. Will it succeed, will cricket take a new lease of life—in blunter terms, will cricket "buck up"?

IS IT TOO SLOW?

Well, it must be remembered that football has greatly changed the face of the sporting public, more especially in London.

The Cockney sportsman is no longer content with an hour or two of unexciting play for his sixpence. Football has taught him to expect for his "tanner" two hours more or less of strenuous excitement, generally ending in a decisive result.

He can never be sure of getting his money's worth, or what he considers his money's worth, at cricket unless he is one of those enthusiasts who can derive pleasure from watching endless maiden overs or a team struggling against a hopeless and foregone conclusion.

Moreover, the accommodation for the sixpenny public at most cricket grounds is inferior to that offered to the follower of football.

We all of us live in a hurry nowadays, and even the brightest of cricket matches takes a long time. If cricket die, it will probably do so of a natural death, having become too slow for an age that likes its enjoyment in "tabloid" form.

One thing is certain, cricket will die and die quickly unless the players, more especially the amateurs, reform themselves.

The bogus amateur has already been dealt with in THE MODERN MAN, so I need not refer to him again beyond remarking that it is a thousand pities that the M.C.C., while in reforming mood, did not take steps to kick out of the game those so-called amateurs who notoriously live by it.

ERRORS OF JUDGMENT.

There are no Test matches this year, but when they come round again the M.C.C. will make a fatal error unless they take steps to prevent a repetition of the scandals which attended last year's Test matches against the Australians.

I refer, of course, to the selection of the teams and the mistakes made in captaincy. "Errors of judgment," no doubt, but, in the opinion of most people, unpardonable errors of judgment.

Players, whether amateur or professi must realise that county cricket lives by fa of the public. They must be less la daisical; there must be less of the "W Willie" and "Tired Tim" about their tudes on the field.

The footballer, when there is a tempo stoppage in the game, does not throw hi on the ground as if he were too exhauste stand up. The county cricketer, how seems to think it incumbent upon him to s bed whenever play ceases for a moment.

Again, the public, accustomed by now to ing the footballer running about more or at top speed for nearly an hour at a str is not particularly edified when it sees a b man sit down on his bat for a five minu rest after having run a four.

PURE AFFECTATION.

Surely a cricketer can take a rib-bende a rap on the knuckles without almost fain over it.

Cricket is a manly game, and I am from saying that the modern cricketer is a manly man. But he has this affectatio unmanliness, and the public is not to k that it is a mere stupid pretence.

Cricket authorities might show more c tesy to the Press. At most grounds the rangements for the Press are disgraceful. the cricket club secretary usually adopt very high and mighty attitude towards cricket reporter.

Football clubs, on the other hand, are ge rally considerate to the Press, and they be trusted to know which is the buttery of their bread.

Finally, the advertising cricketer should suppressed. If he can't live except by sell his name as a cricketer, the sooner he is of the game the better—anyway, as an amat

C. V. MATUS

A GOLFING REVOLUTION.

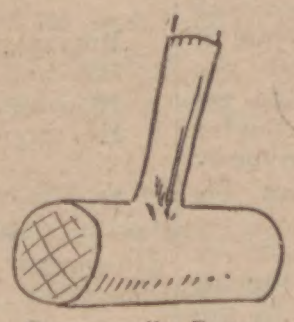
Ordinary Putter.

Until a few weeks ago, there was nothing in the Rules of Golf defining the shape or size of the player's clubs. If he liked to play with a club twenty feet long and with a head the size of a football, there was none to say him nay.

Furthermore, he could hit the ball any way he liked. One enthusiastic misser of short putts conceived the idea of lying down on the ground and using his putter like a billiard cue. He got himself talked about, and as the weather was wet he caught a bad cold, but he broke no golfing rule.

Players of the baser sort, anxious to lessen the difficulties of the game, which to your true golfer are among its greatest charms, took to inventing all sorts of weird-looking clubs designed to make the game easy.

The climax came with the introduction of the croquet-mallet putter. This was shaped like a croquet mallet, and handled in the same way.


Croquet-mallet Putter.

Heretofore all strokes at golf had been made by hitting the ball with the face of the club, one great difficulty being to hit the ball exactly in the centre of the club-head.

With the croquet-mallet putter, however, you hit the ball not with the face but with the point of the club. This in the opinion of the committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the governing body of the game, was an innovation tending to injure true golf, and so they issued an edict forbidding croquet-mallet putters.

Schenectady Putter.

Most golfers agreed with their action, but the committee not only barred croquet-mallet ptuters, but all clubs of the mallet type—*i.e.*, all clubs where the head is not on one side of the shaft. Over this decision there is much controversy.

When Mr. Travis, the American, came over here a few years ago to win the Amateur Champi ship he brought with him a curious-looking shaped as shown in the second illustration.

Conservative golfers cursed sneered at this odd-shaped club when they saw the wonderful putts Mr. Travis made with it they had change their tune. From scoffing at Schenectady putter, as it was call they came to reverence it, and it s won wide popularity. And now it to go.

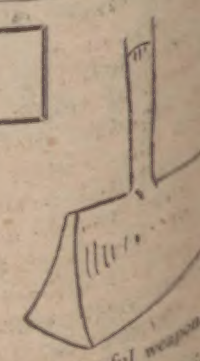
Other clubs than putters have b built on the Shenectady principle. remember an opponent who used play his approach shots with a c shaped like a sort of broom. The head, made aluminium, was about a foot long.

In his hands approaching was a disgust certainty, and I am glad to think that his iniqu weapon is barred.

At the time of the committee's announcement it was thought that wry-necked clubs were also barred, but a later edict sanctioned their use.

Now, the idea of the wry-necked club is the same as the Schenectady putter—namely, to get the shaft of the club behind the ball.

G. V. RANSOME.


A fearful weapon

Wry-neck Putter.

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

DAMON'S DERBY DREAM

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

ou are at perfect liberty to put it down to
ctly what you like, for the British Public
rivileged to think just as it pleases. The
remains that it is without doubt that
m. of last—of Minoru's—Derby Day
d me prowling over Epsom's fair Downs.
question upon which you are privileged
hink as you like is: Did the trainer with
m I was staying hoof me out of the
ts at that hour to see his wretched candi-
, which had not the chance of Mr.
entry's, the starter's, hack, or, was it pure
of whacking the lark at his own game
inspired me to inhale the freshness of the
ing?

nder the pale blue of the morning sky
y "camp-followers" of Epsom's annual
val slept the sleep of those who are minus
still, small voice of conscience. In un-
bundles they lay on the pure green,
while many of the Derby candidates'
ers probably tossed in troubled sleep on
box-spring mattresses in sumptuously
rated rooms, these sojourners from Pen-
ille snored comfortably on the Turf—pic-
s of Rip Van Winkle at the very top of
form.

oliloquising thus regarding the universal
nce of things, an entrancing string of
al observations on trainers who *would*
horses in the Derby to no purpose was
rupted by a voice, slightly thick with the
ning—a voice that said:

'Mornin' guv'nor. Mr. G. fancies his
possibility this year, as usual. I sup-
?"

Why—Damon!" I exclaimed, with vast
sure. Here was a sheep among the goats
he person of a vendor of jellied eels—a
who filled a useful purpose in life by
iding glutinous nourishment for the many
popular price. He was propped up
nst the vertical post that supported the
e rail that marks Epsom's Straight, half-
down the famous Tattenham Corner.

Where's Pythias?" I asked. Damon
ted to his constant friend and partner.
both well deserved the classical titles I
applied to them, although neither pro-
d to understand or essayed to use them.
on's name was really "Daniel," and
ias was contented with the pateral nomen-
re of "Sid.")
Sid" slept peacefully some ten yards off
space all his own.
he undistinguished many make a point of
ing out in the open on the night pre-
g Derby Day. The open-air cure be-
es violently fashionable at Epsom.

What the deuce are *you* doing, awake
is early hour?" I asked of Damon. "Mr.
hasn't invited you round to see his
ossibility, has he?"

No, sir. . . . You see, Mr. G. and me
't on speakin' terms——"

Nothing serious——?"

No. . . . Customer of mine spilt about
a conger all jellied on the suède top of
patent boot. That's all. And Mr. G. *is* a
y man as *you* know."

amon yawned and his head almost sunk
is breast. He seemed very sleepy.

Wake up, man!" said I, gaily prodding
with my stick. I did not see why he
ld be allowed to waste the shining hour
othful slumber, while I was emulating the

e stretched himself again.

Thank you, sir, thank you," he yawned,
ently.

e blinked and stared around.

Oh, gosh!" said he. "I was nearly
min' it again. . . . Don't look at me

like that. I ain't no more tapped than the majority of jellied eel-sellers. *I* hain't lost me little all over the Woodcote Stakes, nor will all the persuasions of the yellin' 'orde against the rails kid *me* to risk the price of an eel-trap on the favourite.

"I ain't a true dreamer. Therefore, I shall grow, oh, so plurry rich one o' these here days! You'll see me a neighbour o' Mr. Joel's in Park Lane. 'Cause why? 'Cause I'm awake now. 'Cause I daren't let meself go to sleep all night. It's what they call strength of purpose—which always gets there in the end.

"It was like this. See where P—— where Sid is? Yus. Well, that as you might say is within 'alf a length o' where I laid me napper box on the evenin' afore what turned out to be Signorinetta's Derby—and that pitch, you can take it from me, is the very best, from a jellied-eel-seller's point of view, on all Epsom Downs. . . .

"Let me think. . . . Yes. I *did* go down to Epsom village that evenin'. I met Joe and had a drink with him. George? Yes, George stood me a glass of stout. Real, creamy, good stout it was, too. It was a thirsty sort of warmish night, but I didn't mean to get too much liquor into me. It ain't good for business. Besides, I was expectin' 'im you call Pythy somethin' down from London with the gear, including two big iron pans, the crockery, and what you might call the raw material of the *koozeen*. (Coke we 'oped to procure locally—nor were we disappointed.)

"As I said I didn't mean to get much liquor into me, so I bade George good-night, and never had another drop until I met Bill—further down the street that was. Bill was on whiskies-and-sodas, I remember. He either did or did not insist on me having a whisky-and-soda. . . . Yes, I think he did.

"Anyway, not intending to get in any way elevated, I decided to give the drink a miss that night. . . . I think when I met Hoppy, he was on the way to his doctor's, or, at least, to his prescriptionist's. Hollands, sir, was 'is medicine. I 'adn't been feeling quite up to form, so I expect I must 'ave 'ad a dose of the physic, too. Any'ow, that bein' in the nature of medicine, you couldn't count *that* . . . and, well, supper beer is supper all the world over, ain't it?

"Meetin' Sid as arranged, I 'ad the afore-said supper, and 'avin' previously hired a barrer we put the regalia—the paraffinalia, I mean—on to it. Sid, I thought, ought to stretch himself a bit after his long train journey, so *I* carried the two large pork pies we'd bought for our *al frisky* supper. . . .

"While Sid, you see, pushed the barrer. 'Ave you got all *that*?"

My friend Damon yawned once again. I nodded, and made myself more comfortable against the post.

"Good. Well, as you'll see presently a repetition o' last year's events is precisely what I did *not* want *this* year. *Last* night, when I went down to town to meet Sid, who do you think I stumbled into first? Why, Joe. Then—bein' firm in purpose, as usual, not to overdo the brewer, 'George, who I fairly fell on next, could only persuade me to have *one* glass o' stout, so when it was my turn to pay I regretfully couldn't on principle. . . . Wonderin' a little at history repeatin' itself, I shuddered when George, Bill, and Hoppy (still on Hollands) were the floating buoys I sort of navigated past (after very short intervals) in quick succession. When Sid finally ordered pork pies again, I saw Fate was persooin' me——"

"Why?" I asked, mystified. "Fate and pork pies are not even half-brothers, as far as my understanding goes."

"Fate," said Damon, with decision; "was bent upon deprivin' us of our lawfully bagged pitch again."

I looked at him blankly.

"That," said Damon, with the triumph of the successful strategist; "is where I take you back to last year again. . . . I ask you to imagine this here place all in the creepy crawly dark. (You're right. Perhaps I should have been understudying Mr. Cecil Raleigh.) I asks you to think of the wind—accent on the 'wy'—just sort of smoothin' the grass with a big hand you couldn't see. . . . (At Harringay School I *did* take a prize for recitin'. You're not far out.) Over there the moon low down was shinin' like—like Polar Star's coat on the day he won the Jubilee. By the light of that moon we munched our frugal meal, did me an' Pyth—those pork pies. Then, rollin' ourselves up in the square stall's canvas—(similar to how P. is attired now—the lazy beggar!)—we says 'Good-night.' . . .

"It seemed to me that I couldn't somehow cotton to this new sort of amateur Davos business—sheets and blankets always bein' good enough for yours very truly. I tossed and I turned. . . . Then, somethin' seemed to wake me up.

"I had the fright of my life! The whole course was thronged with people—funny sort of people. Some of 'em seemed to move without makin' any noise, and they looked on Epsom racecourse like people who—who love things what they can't 'ave *now*. And the different styles they were dressed in were peculiar to behold—the difference in the shapes of the billycock hats and the cut o 'the collar-bands bein' almost as marked to the eye as—as the comparison between the 'White-Eyed Kaffir' and Mr. George Robey as Queen Bess!

"You shuddered when you saw them little low-crowned 'Norwichers'—bowlers with crowns only just appearin' like a quarter of a Dutch cheese cut on the straight, above the rims. . . . Leastways, *I* shuddered.

"Then, there was them queer coats cut right away from the third button and with about as much shape to 'em as a fish-trunk or an eel-box without the 'oles in it. But I won't bother you with any more of the dress. (Some of the women were like balloons, others like carikytures of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget—but there's no accountin' for *their* fandangles at any time.)

"Anyway, you see, what knocked me over finally was that on puttin' me hands in me pockets to think over matters I found a programme. It was open at the Derby Stakes. I read the entries,

"Sir, I've seen some fields for the Derby, but this field you couldn't beat for class. There were Ayrshire, Donovan, Sainfoin, Common, Sir Hugo, Isinglass, Ladas, Sir Victo, Persimmon, Galtee More, Jeddah, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Volodyovski, Ard Patrick, Rock Sand, St. Amant, Cicero, Spearmint, an' Orby—a select lot, as you'll admit. It may sound to you like Datas givin' the Derby winners in rotation from 1888 to '07—but they was the horses on the card.

"The bell went to clear the course. It struck me that if I wanted to see the race I'd better be makin' for a point of vantage. . . . Well, it was easier than gettin' through any Epsom crowd I've ever experienced. The people seemed to part for me as I made a dash for it. Pantin' like a horse with a tube in his throat, I finds myself finally bang opposite the stands at the winnin'-post with a view as clear as gin of this 'ere—glorious Derby.

"Now I ha' seen every Derby since Ayrshire's, which was my first, but that parade took some whackin'. They looked somethin' spiff, and the crowd opposite, too, were wavin' their hats. Yet—yet it was partic'lar—ghastly, as you might say. There was no life in that hat wavin'. You sorter wanted a few moans, like, to make it complete—the moans of departed backers gnashin' their teeth over the losers they had backed and the black Monday settlin' days.

"It became more deathly quiet than usual—then a sort of faint lot of gasps right off the chest——.

"'Off!'

"People were packed like sardines all round. Yet, when I wanted more breathin' space so as to crane forward and see the 'orses comin' up the straight—I hadn't the slightest difficulty in spreadin' myself. I mean that Epsom's rail wasn't like a slab-of-puddin'-just-as-mother-makes-it across my little Mary. . . . Funny, wasn't it? Uncanny—as the stale bullock said to Chicago.

"I saw 'em comin' along in a bunch, two of 'em leadin' on the rails a'most. Nearer, I saw their jockeys were sportin' the Royal Colours.

"Somewhere I heard yells of 'Watts does it!' (Watts rode Persimmon.) Others were cheerin' on 'Erby Jones. But they were 'ollow yells and 'ollower cheers. Two seconds later they comes past—like a breath of air—*not* with a clumping rattle. Promptly, up goes two numbers—and the result of that glorious Derby was Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee—Watts and Jones up respectively—dead-heat—!"

Damon paused for breath and yawned once again.

"But not a beggar on the course as much as whispered 'ooray!'" he went on. "Not a blighter opened his mivvy.

"'Cheer, you beggars, cheer!' says I, turnin' to the uncarin' varmin.

"'Cheer!' says I, grabbin' at a chap near me. . . . I grabbed at air. I kicked. I woke up!"

Damon rose from the turf and carefully picked a crushed daisy from his trousers.

"Just here," said he, "I went to sleep. I woke up against the winnin'-post two and a half furlongs distant, me canvas coverin' utterly gone. Sir, I looked at my old ticker. Seven-thirty it marked, and the Downs was already alive with knockin'——"

He sighed rather deeply. Knowing something of the Turf camp-followers, light dawned on me.

"When you got back here again," I observed brilliantly, "a rival firm had overcame your partner——"

"Overcome 'im? Bli'me, you should have seen his eyes. . . . Therefore, you don't cop *me* nappin' on Epsom's course again. In fact, sir, I take jolly good care that—that I've dreamt *my* last Derby Dream."

PROFESSIONAL FAC

AN INTERESTING STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

There is an indefinable similarity between the faces of all doctors. Their features vary, as also does their physique, but if you saw a doctor amongst a crowd of other men you would have but little difficulty in picking him out. His face is branded with the hall-mark of his profession.

There is a keenness in the eye, an alertness in the movements, a firmness about the mouth that have come there through his delicate, anxious, and absorbing work.

In a less degree you will observe the same expression on the faces of medical students. They are men who are fitted by instinct for medical work, and to that extent they bear the physicianly look. When they have been for some years in active practice, this will develop till their facial expression is indisputably that of the doctor.

The solicitor also carries the sign of his calling along with him. If one may voice the truth without offence to the profession, the predominant characteristic of the legal face is craftiness.

THE LAWYER'S CRAFT.

The lawyer is engaged all day and every day in trying to find a hidden motive for men's words and actions. Experience has taught him not to take people at their apparent value; he has learnt, in short, to suspect everybody. A man cannot do this for long without betraying in his face the suspiciousness which has developed in his character.

He himself may be perfectly honest, but if he is to save his clients from disaster he must act as if all the rest of the world were villains and thieves. Every document he frames must be so worded that its meaning cannot be twisted by the unscrupulous. It is this constant foreseeing of trickery that gives the lawyer something of the criminal's expression. He must, for the moment, think what he would do if he were a criminal in order that he may frustrate crime.

The clergyman, on the other hand, has a benevolent expression that tells you at once that he suspects no one.

To him there is no frustrating of the intriguer; his work instead is to comfort the sick and sympathise with the sorrowing. His profession, therefore, brings out all the more tender qualities that are in him, and the more worldly gradually die from disuse.

PARSON AND PRIEST.

It is interesting to note the difference between the expression of a Protestant curate and that of a Roman Catholic priest. Both faces are expressive of the same benevolent qualities, but there is a subtle difference which is probably to be attributed to the difference in their training and outlook on life.

The expression of the teacher is also distinctive, though this fact has not been generally recognised. Here the dominant characteristic is, if we must be blunt, a certain self-sufficiency. The teacher is for six hours each day confined to the society of children. To keep proper discipline he has to pretend that he knows everything worth knowing; it is a heinous offence to contradict him while he is speaking.

At first, of course, he does not himself the fact that he is playi that he is far from being as clever tant as he pretends to be. But in disappears under the force of cust accepts the scholar's inflated idea portance as his real worth. And ment is echoed in his face.

In the professions the study characteristics is a comparative matter. Not so when we come to trades, however.

BUTCHER AND GROOM.

Take the butcher as an inst cannot recollect ever meeting a butcher, yet there is nothing in h excite perpetual glee. The fact appearance of jollity is due to pure causes. His hands and arms are coated with fat; this is absorbe system through the skin, and goes him to maintain his health.

Moreover, the average butcher volting but healthful habit of nibb of raw beef. This also nourishes helps to make him fat, and to humorous outlook on life which to all fat people.

The straight lips and the heavy groom bespeak a determination w direct outcome of his trade. stantly dealing with the horse, which generally has a pretty strong own. The groom also has a will, only by the exertion of it that he to hold the mastery over his charge

The reason why the jaw should forward when we are exercising termination in a physical way, is teresting. The action is simply a our savage ancestors. They knew the Queensberry rules, and when they did not hesitate to use their tee

The only time they had to use th mination was when they were abou and at such a moment the muscles would instinctively contract, as themselves for the bite that they be called upon to make.

THE BRAND OF THE SPORTSMAN.

The exertion of determination in sense revives this old instinct within the groom has to use this force anyone else, his jaw naturally bec minent and the lips in consequence natural curves.

Even sports and games brand to extent those who indulge largely The habitual card-player knows that not allow his opponent to read his If he holds a trump, he must elation; if he is losing, he must not appointment, for the tide of luck He therefore conceals his emotion mask of impassiveness.

The soldier, the policeman, the co traveller—in fact men of every ca inclination—soon come to wear a "pression," by which may be diagn method they employ to earn their dai

W. B. L.

TTERS TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

IV. ON SETTLING DOWN.

AR HARRY,

quite understand that you feel nervous oining. Except his wedding day there is sion when a man feels a bigger fool or more than on the day he joins his regiment. thousand pities you are not going out on r, or hired transport as they call 'em now- You would have got accustomed to your and military ways by the time you reached ation, and would have learned to distin- etween the Sergeant-Major and a Field

over, existence in "Pandemonium"—a hole near the keel where subalterns are on troopers—would have effectually dissi- ny notions of your own importance, which iring circle of female relatives may have ou.

he advice that I can give you as to your ur on joining is contained in three words our tongue."

brother officers will receive you kindly urteously, but, without appearing to do so, ll take good stock of you, and a bad first ion, whilst easy to create, is difficult to e, and nothing is so likely to cause a bad ion as an indiscreet remark.

s long ere we forgave Gadsden, who was most excellent chap, for informing us he had been ten minutes in the mess that nt to have gone into the Guards.

launch into long descriptions of your Your brother officers will all have been the same experiences, which, therefore, of little interest to them. You cannot go ng if you make a rule of not speaking until spoken to. At the same time you must ppearing sulky or churlish, and don't go ut yourself up in your quarters. Be as s possible in the company of your fellows, heed to the old maxim "little children be seen and not heard," not that I mean to e that you are a child.

ask questions. Naturally you will be to learn all about the customs, history, phies of your regiment, but wait till ptain takes you in hand, and teaches you

't go worrying the Adjutant about your He is a busy man, but will give you all ry instructions in his own time and at his venience.

y time no officer with less than three service was allowed to stand on the hearth- sit in an armchair. I believe that salutary no longer in force, but remember that old Threebottle will not love you any the more deprived of his after-dinner nap because monopolising the only vacant armchair.

will be asked to dine with the regiment a hts after your arrival. This will be rather experience, as until you leave for good you again sit on the Colonel's right hand. again, silence is golden. Don't lay down and don't start topics of conversation of wn. For aught you know you may be g on someone's corns, or opening the door upboard in which the regimental skeleton Show that you can carry your wine like leman, but on no account take too much. dinner you will be asked to join the whist Refuse courteously, but firmly. Pool is a afer game for you.

ou are the guest it is incumbent on your sit up until you retire. Therefore keep on the clock, though do not display an t haste to get away.

ct, my dear Harry, behave exactly as you in ordinary society.

est love to your mother; I believe the e she so kindly sent me is doing me good.

affectionate uncle,

J. H.

ther of these letters will appear next week.

OR.]

When a Man Leaves Home

A GLANCE AT HIS FEELINGS.

There is a dual sentiment in the act of leaving home, though the home be "ever so humble" and the future never so uncertain, or even threatening.

When a man leaves home he is in the midst of one of the chief crises of his life, and there are few men who do not recall this circumstance with feelings of deep sadness mingled with the other feeling of unbounded hope, and a readiness to meet the world fair and square though it come at him with all its ugliest weapons.

To most men leaving home sets in motion thoughts that do lie too deep for tears, and aspirations that cannot be bounded or confined by the very firmament itself.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

And it is well that a man should experience both these emotions. For the former will keep him close to those things which have grown with his growth and become part of him, while the latter will stand him in good stead as he meets his fellow men and wakes to the realisation that life is a devilish stiff and sturdy business.

That morning on which you wake an hour earlier than usual, with a dim notion of something urgent and important running through your head even before you have quite quitted dreamland, is a morning to be remembered throughout your life.

You leap out of bed: you are in a hurry to go and yet you want to linger. The two impulses are strangely mingled. Round about you are tokens of the coming severance of many ties—your luggage.

A LAST LOOK ROUND.

At last you have finished dressing. Hastily, without detailed thought as to your actions you pack up the remaining things, and when every article is stowed away you heave a sigh and look around you. It is your room for another hour or so, but not for longer.

Your reverie might have been endless as your mind ran backwards over the pleasant years, but you are recalled to the great business of the day by an abrupt rapping on your door and a voice of enquiry whether your luggage is ready for the carter.

With a start and a half-apologetic answer, you come back to realities, nay, rather to *the* reality of the day. Your luggage is removed and, with a last look round at the shorn and empty room, you pass downstairs to breakfast.

It's no use, you cannot even pretend to eat with appetite.

And in the midst of your discomfiture there rushes into your mind—the future.

It comes in fine colours, with loud acclamations, scattering the ghosts of the past, and giving you a steadier voice, a more matter-of-fact, businesslike air and feeling.

GOOD-BYE.

The cart has rumbled out of the gate on its way to the railway station and you long to be off after it, for it holds so many things endeared to you. There is some time yet before you need set off, and you light a pipe and stroll out into the garden, round the farmyard, through the stables to the rickyard, and in again by the back door. Everything has a new meaning, a definite appeal to make to you.

The time has come for the actual departure, and a dog-cart is at the door. You shake many loving hands, and a little later, as you reach the summit of the hill that hides the station, you cast one longing, lingering look behind.

Through a mist you see hands waving and you wave back, and then turn firmly to the front.

You have left home.

F. GERALD COURT.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

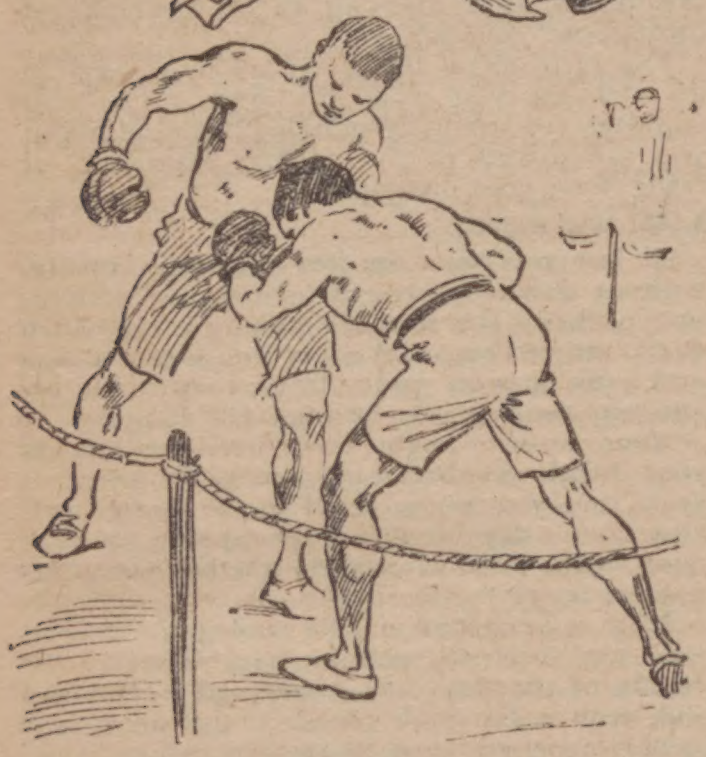
Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. (Actual Size.

SPECIAL BOXING HINTS



By ALF. PHILLIPS

(the well-known Boxer).

No doubt it has been a source of disappointment to more than one novice in boxing to find, after a long time spent in learning the elements of the art—namely, the various hits, guards, and counters—that when he is pitted against an enthusiastic boxer of the rushing type, all his acquirements seem to fail him, and he is practically helpless. This happens, in nine cases out of ten, because he has not yet acquired that *sine quâ non* of the good boxer, confidence.

To attain this, more is needed than a knowledge of the different hits. Just as the schoolboy proceeds to the university, so must the pugilistic tyro, after being schooled in the "elements," acquire the "finish" of *science* before he can really call himself a boxer. And it is with the object of imparting as much of this "finish" as can be presented on paper that this article is published.

A STRONG DEFENCE.

First of all, remember that a strong defence is considerably more than half the battle in boxing. Even if your attack is not overstrong, you are all right if you can prevent the other man from hitting you. So cultivate a good guard, and learn to get away quickly.

By a good guard I mean more than an ability to ward off blows. Keep your eyes peeled, as the saying is. Watch your adversary as closely as a cat does a mouse. He may be clever enough not to show by any movement of his hands that he is coming for you, but probably he will not have so much control over his *eyes*. Except in the most consummate experts, there is always a tendency in these to light up a little just before a lead. Look out for this; and, if possible, don't let him see that you are watching him.

GETTING IN AND GETTING AWAY.

When you are going to lead, do it wholeheartedly; but do not disregard the possibility of its being successfully parried and countered; and be prepared, once you have got in, to get away again like a flash if your hit has missed the mark. Avoid the woeful mistake, however, so common to most beginners, of half-coming-in and half-going-back. A lead performed in this way, even if it gets home, which is unlikely, will only be of the feeblest character.

It is a strange fact that few instructors who have not in their time been professional pugilists will teach you how to act when your opponent attempts to lead at your body.

In nine cases out of ten they will recommend the practice—absolutely futile on the face of it—of pressing the left arm close against the body below the right arm, *in order, forsooth, to receive the blow on the arm*. But surely we don't want to receive the blow at all! A blow put in by a powerful and skilful boxer would probably break the arm, besides causing intense discomfort to the stomach.

STEPPING BACK.

The only effective way of dealing with a lead at the body is to *step back* or side step. Don't pay any attention to the man who tells you that this is cowardly. He is only a fool. By stepping back—of course, coolly and in good order—you not only cause your opponent's blow to fall short, but you are afforded an opportunity for a very effective hit. This is how it is done.

Missing his blow, he will inevitably stumble forward slightly, and his head will be temptingly exposed to you. Bring your right back slightly, and with an upward movement, jab him on the point of the jaw. In the great majority of cases this hit, if performed correctly and with the requisite amount of power, is sufficient to knock your man out.

The man who has been trained on amateur lines is always at a great disadvantage if by force of circumstances—for instance, a street fight—he is pitted against even a tenth-rate representative of the "fancy."

"IN-FIGHTING."

This is because the average amateur has a sublime disregard, and even contempt, for the branch of the art which is known as "in-fighting." This consists of getting right up against your opponent and punching, with a series of vicious half-arm jabs, at his body. As practised by professionals it is a highly effective mode of attack, and, at the same time, one very difficult to deal with.

If you can get in a hit, whether with the left or right, at your adversary's face, when he attempts "in-fighting" tactics, well and good; but, as he is so close to you, you will not be able to get much power into your blow.

Practically the only thing to do is to keep on "hooking" him hard in the ribs, until you see an opportunity of side-stepping and getting away to a convenient distance again.

THE DANGER OF SPECIALISING.

Beware of becoming a specialist in one particular hit or form of attack. Possibly, for instance, you may have a very strong cross-counter, but do not, above all things, use it too often. If you show a tendency in this direction, a good man will not fail to make use of it. He will cunningly lead you on to cross-counter him, when to your surprise you will find your fist punching the atmosphere, and you will probably receive a slog on the point of the jaw that will surprise you even more.

In conclusion, here is a great tip. When sparring for an opening, do not appear too eager. Be as watchful as a hawk in reality, but appear, it anything, to be a trifle overconfident and inclined to give away openings. Such a demeanour will often encourage a man to go for you, when a more wide-awake air would make him cautious; and the really good boxer likes to be attacked. It is so much more paying than to attack.

In a word, a strong defence and neat footwork are worth all the rushing tactics that were ever devised.

ALFRED P. PHILLIPS.

FIRST AID.

IV. DRESSING WOUNDS.

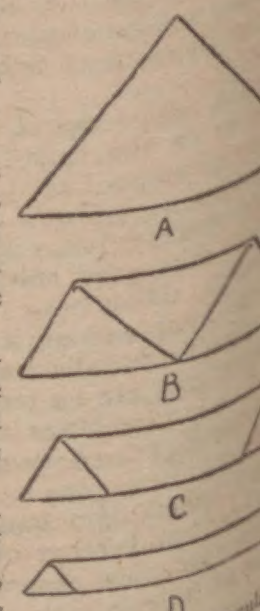
Last week I dealt with the questio
stopping hemorrhage and with the diffe
between capillary bleeding, and bleeding
arteries and from veins.

The illustrations given showed the me
of stopping hemorrhage from the carot
brachial arteries.

The other arteries from which bleedi
most serious and most likely to occur a
femoral artery in the thigh, and the
clavian artery, just above the collar-bo

All arterial bleeding from the leg m
stopped by compressing the femoral a
which should be done by grasping th
with both hands high up on the thigh
pressing the two thumbs into the flesh in
and slightly towards the inside of the leg

A wound in the subclavian artery can only be prevented effectually from bleeding by another person, for the two thumbs must be driven into the artery just behind the collar-bone on whichever side of the body the wound is.



How to fold a triangul bandage.

The subclavian artery is really the same which is continued down the arms as the brachial artery.

Let us now consider the treatment of the wound itself, when once the bleeding has been stopped. The next thing to do is thoroughly to cleanse the wound. The removal of the is more important than the use of strong septics.

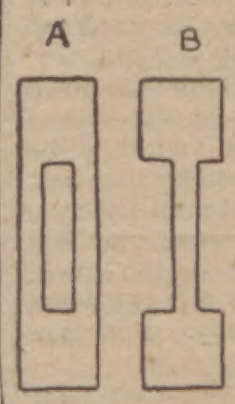
It should be washed with clean wa about the temperature of the body, and dirt cannot be thoroughly removed, the must be kept open and hot fomentations

When it is clean, it should be covered a pad of clean linen or antiseptic lint s in warm water and with a bandage.

The latter may be of the rolled type, b first-aider has not always got one of handy. The triangular bandage is more to be available, and may easily be impro by tearing a handkerchief.

The diagrams show the method of fo the bandage for use on a limb. The t first folded down until the point touches centre of the long side.

Then the bandage is folded lengthway half and then again in half. It may be round the limb or fastened with a safety



If the wound be a g one, however—a bad cut instance—something more the bandage may be req to keep it sufficiently close heal.

In this case a strapping plaster must be used over pad, and the best plan is to two strips as shown in second sketch.

One strip should have a cut out of the centre, the other is cut to the s indicated by BC in the companying diagram.

Then fasten A on one of the wound at the top, and B on the o Pass C through the slot and pull the strips tight over the pad, and fasten dow and D.

A scalp wound, however, should neve closed by strapping, but should only be daged.

L. D. Corry

A CIVIL WAR—AND TROOPER KERNAHAN

ASHING YEOMANRY STORY.

By N HILARY GARRATT.

t it's going to soak down like this all the l afternoon," said Trooper Kernahan, peering shock head out of the tent in "B" ron's lines that was vaguely marked rty Hall" in big white letters, now running aks down the grey of a Government bell-As the lady who wrote "A Peep Behind cenes" opened her first chapter, "Rain, ain, how mercilessly it fell!"

r the tents of the encamped Yeomanry at lton it came down in one continuous and a keen wind blew across the half-ed plain. The Regiment generally—there ing more depressing at Camp than a wet ad ceased its lurid comments on the r, and relapsed into a resigned silence, those tents where cheerful spirits ever

, nothing short of a repetition of the Flood damp the feelings of the occupants of ty Hall." Herein Troopers Stephen and et, for lack of other things to conquer, had themselves by harrying Trooper Kerna-ho fain would have forgotten the rain, the ent, and all else in the "Barrack Room s," and a peaceful afternoon cigarette.

or the fifth time that afternoon, Kernahan ted to pat his roving locks straight, he to Trooper Alexander, who scribbled on a g-pad near at hand, and envied him his

something unkind about camp weather, der," said Trooper Kernahan, "and add a riticism about restless blighters like Carteret ephen, here."

per Alexander flourished his two-worded signature and put down his fountain pen. t a final eye over a weird-partitioned sheet er, which Carteret affected to understand, hed his satisfaction.

w, then," said he, "I'm ready for what ke. Mutiny—civil war—raids. What's it Kerny, my brown-skinned wangaru?"

r'ect peace, if you don't mind, Alexander," rooper Kernahan. "Hullo!"

nother drop of water down your neck?" Carteret. "This is one of the driest tents lines, too, and—*regardez* the water on my ful walkin'-out Wellingtons!"

lay full length across the bed, and with a roving grunt rescued his boots from drown-The tent was already beginning to show places in parts.

per Kernahan, peering out of the tent-ughed.

s, it is old Sergeant Gissing of 'A,'" said he th. "Hullo, Sergeant!"

ng, the red-faced old Yeoman reached "B" ron's lines out of the grey, smoking sheet of

me in out of the wet, Sergeant!" said han genially.

ght ye be!" said the veteran Sergeant of who in civil life farmed many broad acres in unty, and was a man of the true yeoman's . "Just come over for—for some o' that o' yours, Mr. Kernahan," said he.

ur tent *very* damp?" asked Trooper Kerna-weetly, but with a touch of veneration.

ell, kinder middlin' like, you know," said the ant, taking the camp chair offered him by er Alexander. "You young chaps do fuss elves up and *no* mistake," Sergeant Gissing on. His eye was on Trooper Stephen, who pheaving two beds.

Sergeant jumped up when he perceived or which Stephen assiduously sought.

that young dayvil hain't got a transport lin there or a bit o' one," he exclaimed, "my ain't Gissin'! Oh Lor' oh Lor'!"—tears of ment streamed from the Sergeant's grey "what wonders you are! And how do you expect to get it up? Did you know he'd got that, Mr. Kernahan?"

Kernahan smiled.

"Well, he's the Secretary for Home Affairs in *our* Cabinet, Sergeant," said he. "I'm not—er——"

"Exactly surprised to see he's got it, eh?" the Sergeant cut in. "No—and neither am *I*. How do you reckon to fix it?"

Carteret, a tactless youth, favoured the Sergeant with a glance of scorn as Stephen tied the tarpaulin, artistically arranged, to rings which, against all regulations, were affixed to the tent webbing.

"There you are," said Stephen. "We get half the tent dry, anyway."

"That young man," said the veteran heartily, "would annex Brynhilton with very little eggin' on to it. Wouldn't ye, boy?"

"Don't know about *that*, Sergeant," said Trooper Stephen, modestly.

"But ye *did* about my blankets!" exclaimed the Sergeant. "Ye did know about my Boys' blankets."

"That's five years ago," said Stephen, hotly.

"If it was fifty I shouldn't forget it," said the Sergeant with deep conviction. "Here"—he turned to Troopers Alexander and Carteret—"I think it's as well you should know what a parcel of thorough-goin' copper-topped-and-bottomed young blayguards you kind-hearted young gents. are campin' with."

"Go on, Sergeant," said Kernahan, with the air of a Robespierre. "We await execution."

He packed his pipe, and handed the tent's tobacco-jar to the Sergeant, who filled up lazily.

"What a pair of varmints," the Sergeant continued, handing back the jar. "What a brace of out-an'-outers, what a—oh, nothin' wasn't too horrible for the beggars then—was it, Mr. Kernahan?"

"Nothing that you could discover to say, anyhow," said Trooper Kernahan, genially. "You see, it was the day the Regiment assembled for official trainin', Alexander. There'd been a few words, I understand——"

"Of course, *you* knew nothing about it," said the Sergeant, with fine sarcasm.

"I *understand*," Kernahan pursued, "regarding the de-training of the horses at Brynhilton Station. They linked up the Brermouth and 'A' Squadron's specials at the junction, and there was some jaw about precedence, 'A' wanting to do it alphabetically, and thus get down to camp in time to annex the best of the general supplies before the rest of the squadrons as much as sniffed the sea-air of Brynhilton, let alone getting down to camp.

"It's all right, Sergeant, I'll be no end fair! Honour!

"End of it was ('Member how young Belgrave—he's not with us now—cursed the lieutenant of Squadron 'A' and called him a sanguinary remount pincher?) there was a general scramble totally unworthy of the Regiment. The only thing any self-respectin' yeoman could do—I was no end self-respectin'; I'd been in the Regiment about five minutes—was to thank heaven that the Colonel, bein' absent, was spared the awful sight of his two strongest squadrons at open variance on a common-or-garden, one-siding, gravel-and-cinder-platformed station.

"I've been to camp some number of times, I've heard the Sergeant-Major express himself plainly when, on the order to right-wheel into line, half the verdant recruities went dead left, but for language sublime and perpendicular recommend me to that station scene five blessed years ago.

"There was 'A's.' Lieutenant-in-Charge (and he'd been a rowin' coach at Cambridge, they say) goin' it fairly hammer and tongs, chipping in now and then with his almost National Anthem: 'Ought to be drafted alphabetically!'

"'That's all right,' said our Belgrave, who hadn't forgot his Greek, 'but of course, you're the *alpha* and we're the blinkin' *Beta*.'

"It developed into a reg'lar civil war.

"'You're guttersnipes,' says the 'A' Squadron man (Don't deny it, Sergeant. It's my firm belief that he learnt most of his cavalry back talk from you!)

"'And you're very personal,' says Belgrave.

"At that moment the fatigue comes skirmishin' up to the main vans, lookin' as disgustin' specimens of Yeomanry as the almost spiral stripes of yellow piping on their blue-black duds could make 'em. The heavens forbid me such a sight as that fatigue party again!"

"'Ear, 'ear," the Sergeant echoed fervently.

"An' I'll bet you haven't forgotten that lot! Well, armed with permits signed by some Jim-the-Penman in the name of the Adjutant, they buttonholed the stationmaster, and on an opposite siding to the horse-boxes they opened a van full of blankets. Now the sight of blankets—brown, woolly, Army blankets—always sends young blood tinglin', and the sensitive ones mentally scratchin' themselves. You don't get such things as Belfast linen sheets at camp, the gods know!

"By my side, dear old Stephen, always one for home comforts, kept tappin' his foot—a sure sign that he was suffering from an attack of over-anxiousness *re* our sleepin' arrangements.

"We were mixed up in such a hotchpotch arguin' over the horses that it was easy to detach ourselves from our wavy, thick, blue and yellow line, and mix ourselves up pretty generally with the skirmishin' party around the blankets.

"Now, I suppose, it must have been intuition, or else his eye had accurately counted the bales, but anyway, it was clearly evident to Stephen that the blanket supply for at least one squadron was missin'—a thing that is no matter at twelve noon, when you're sticky under the collar, but it's of vital importance at 'Lights Out' when the winds blow chill."

"Ah—ah!" echoed Sergeant Gissing, after the manner of a Salvation Army Adjutant.

"*As* you remark, Sergeant. Well, we looked at those bales. A, C, and D they were respectively labelled, and not a sniff of B's blankets was snuffable.

"Stephen—he was no end of an ingenious youngster, *then*, with such a pretty smooth face (Pax, Stevie!)—started puttin' questions that anyone with the intellect of an Alderney cow could have seen through. But that fatigue party were wholly without brains of any sort, size, or description.

"As easy as salute-your-general we wheedled out of them the fact that they would be certain to stop for drinks at the Red Lion, just midway between the town and the camping ground.

"'Want to be careful,' said Stephen, soundin'

'em judiciously, 'or else you might get had up for leavin' a transport wagon and horses unattended, eh?'

"'Not likely. How long have *you* been a Yeoman?' asked the chief driver of the fatigue party. 'Groggs, the village policeman, loves us as brothers. He's never sober the whole time the K.O. are at Brynhilton.'

"'Oh *I* didn't know,' said Stephen with an air of innocence that suited his face.

"Note that we had got out of the fatigue party the fact that they *did* leave their horses unattended while they went and guzzled at the 'Red Lion.'

"We were no end kind to them after that, weren't we, Stephen?"

Trooper Stephen desisted from anxiously watching the slackening rain, and nodded.

"Well, we were the first into the van fetchin' out the bales at the double, there were many bales, and every jack one was marked 'A.' Stephen, with whom Bill Sikes isn't to be named in the same breath for petty theft, carefully tore off the six-inch, square canvas stencils and stuffed them up his sleeves.

"When one of the fatigue party twigged the thickness of his stuffed sleeves, Stephen, who can lie like a burglar in the witness-box, observed that that was the only way he could manage to bring all his handkerchiefs to camp!"

The visitor to Liberty Hall sighed.

"What a tamer of lions!" said he soulfully.

"After that," Kernahan continued, "it was mere child's play to invade the porter's room at the station, tip a green-coated employee of the G.E.R., ask for the loan of his tin stencil 'B' (such as they use for markin' goods empties and stock crates), and neatly imprint by aid of the brush and black ink that letter on the obverse side of Stephen's alleged handkerchiefs.

"The letters weren't anywhere near the same size as those on the other side, but we knew those 'A' squadron blighters hadn't the sense to spot that little difference."

Sergeant Gissing merely looked pained.

"When we got out on to the station platform again both squadrons were causin' no end of trouble down the cattle-yards, we were told, detrainin' simultaneously amid yells.

"At the double we mixed ourselves up with the imbroglio, detrained our nags on the off-line side contrary to all regulations, and cut out of the cattle-gates down the road, post haste behind the lumberin' crazy transport-wagon which was kickin' up no end of dust."

"Highwaymen!" the Sergeant put in, meaningly.

"Very likely, Sergeant. Anyway, Alexander, we waited on 'em like George Fordham of old on the Derby favourite. Exactly as we desired they all went into the 'Red Lion,' and left the transport wagon beautifully alone. . . . And how long did it take us to affix the B's to those bales once we had got inside, Stephen?"

"About five minutes, and I gouged my finger a rum 'un with the packin' needle we'd bagged from the porter's room in the process."

The Sergeant flung himself back in the camp chair.

"I saw a speck of your rich young blood on two of the stencilled squares, I remember," he exclaimed suddenly. "Gosh, if I'd known it, 'A' Squadron—'A' Squadron that slept on straw up at the Hall stables that night—should have had its full repayment the next mornin'."

"All you wanted was a man with the forefinger of his left hand scratched, Sherlock Holmes—I *don't* imagine"—said Trooper Stephen delightedly, "and 'A' Squadron would have been revenged!"

The Sergeant turned to Troopers Carteret and Alexander.

"Would *you* have been associated with such a manœuvre?" asked the Sergeant.

"Not likely!" said Trooper Alexander. "It's plain that old Kernahan wasn't half-developed then—a mere bungler! Why, had it been this camp, for instance, we'd have had the transport wagon as well! . . . Kernahan, how *could* you be so amateurish?"

B

TEETOTAL FANATIC

A RACE WITHOUT A REDEEMING QUALITY.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is not an article in praise of drink or even of moderate drinkers. If a man be a teetotaler, he had much better remain so, more especially if he be a young man.

A strictly moderate allowance of good wine or sound spirit is not likely to do an elderly or middle-aged man any harm; it may in certain circumstances benefit him, but a young man has no earthly need or use for alcohol in any shape or form except as a medicine and when prescribed as such.

I know some young men will say "Oh, if we don't have a drink other men laugh or sneer at us for mollycoddles or prigs, or we are thought unsociable."

MEN TO RESPECT.

My answer to the first part of that argument is that the man who laughs or sneers at another because he is a teetotaler doesn't count a red cent, and while a teetotaler at a convivial gathering may be, or rather may feel himself, a trifle out of it, there is really nothing or little in the idea that he is unsociable.

After all, to be sociable there is no need to make a martyr of yourself. To many men alcohol is physically nauseating, and with most men it is an acquired taste. You have at first to force yourself to take it, and that seems a silly way of enjoying yourself.

However, I am not a teetotaler, nor is this a discussion on whether a man should drink or not. I merely wish to emphasise the fact that I am not in any way attacking teetotalers as a class. So long as a teetotaler minds his own business and does not seek to ram his convictions down my throat, I have the utmost respect for him, and if there is one man I like more than another it is the teetotaler who as host sees to it that his guests have the best of liquor.

A DRUNKARD'S VIRTUES.

But there is a very considerable section of teetotalers who are fanatics, and to my mind the teetotal fanatic is as much a nuisance to the community at large as the habitual drunkard.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THOSE WITH MONEY TO INVEST.

See pages 12 and 13.

The habitual drunkard for all his selfish thoughtlessness, and degradation often has deeming point or two, kindness of heart, rosity, or what not.

The teetotal fanatic, on the other ha often a most obnoxious person without one s grace of humanity, one spark of manliness.

I ask the Secretary of the National Society Prevention of Cruelty to Children to confir assertion that many of the most revolting a cruelty to children are committed by te fanatics.

Why? Because your teetotal fanatic is o foul hypocrite. He uses his teetotalism as a for vile sins. There is another reason. teetotal fanatic is often a fanatic in all direc He regards all amusement, all recreation, any human and natural as sinful. He considers duty to mortify not only his own flesh, but t his children.

DEMONS OF CRUELTY.

Now in every one of us there is latent cr The teetotal fanatic begins by beating his chi as a pious duty, then the sleeping devil of cr awakes within him, and he ends by torturing children because he takes a loathsome pleasu doing so. The teetotal fanatic is a man of wa inhuman nature, and cruelty is often the outl his perverted passions.

The arrogance and intolerance of another of teetotal fanatics are unbearable. "They wi no point of view but their own. They would c fully burn every distillery, brewery, and pu house in the kingdom to-morrow, regardless o ruin and misery they would cause to the hund of thousands connected with a trade which all is a legal trade.

They won't recognise that a publican has rights at all. They are rank Pharisees, and seek to set themselves up above other men.

PREPOSTEROUS CLAIMS.

What right has a teetotaler to dictate t what I may or may not drink? "It's for your good" he will say. Who made him a judg my good? How he would squeal if I to round to him and said, "Look here, in my op tea and ginger-beer are bad for you, therefo am going to put a tax of £100 a pound on and I am going to make the ginger-beer t illegal." Yet I have as much right to do tha he has to try to stop my drinking alcohol.

I admit that alcohol is an unnecessary luxu but so is tea, and tea in excess is pretty near bad in its effects as alcohol.

The self-righteousness of some teetot makes one sick. Very often they are refor drunkards. That is reformed in a sense, but truly so. They dare not take a drink for fe not being able to stop. The really reform drunkard is the man who has learned so to co his former self that he can drink in moderat The reformed-drunkard-teetotal-fanatic is a t creature, yet he sets himself up as a supe being.

SLOW DEATH OF STIGGINS.

Finally, there is the Stiggins type of tee fanatic, the blasphemous fraud with a hymn in each hand and a gin bottle in his coat pocket.

He is not perhaps so prevalent as he was, he still exists in considerable numbers.

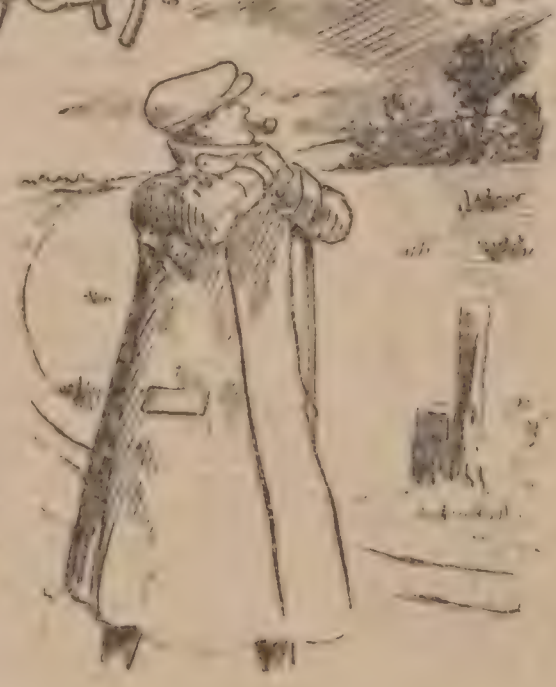
Teetotal fanatics want to govern the majorit their fellow men in opposition to their tastes wishes.

Their chief qualifications for the throne ap to be that they are sometimes inhuman, c torturing monsters, sometimes pestilent, bearing prigs, sometimes backboneless formed" drunkards, sometimes blasphe secret drinkers, but seldom, so far as my perience goes, by any chance decent, sens tolerant, human men.

DAVID COOPE

KEN CAUGHT IN A STORM

TS THAT THE
LKER AND
LIST SHOULD
NOTE.



open-air man really minds ng wet through sionally. He upon it as all day's work, akes a philoso- ly, even find- some considerable ure in the ex- e.

every storm, ever, in which i is caught, is ingly heavy and ged to give soaking. Often is just enough rain to make things eral—himself, his clothes, the road, the ath—thoroughly uncomfortable, dirty damp, to the ruin of the temper and the plans.

ainst such incidents as these a man can a successful stand, if he will just take simple precautions.

YOUR NECK.

of the most unpleasant effects of being t in the rain is the clammy trickle that ud its way down your neck, saturating collar and giving you "the shivers."

en the rain has found your collar and neck it is all over with your enjoyment. revent this happening it is always ad- le to carry in your pocket a second kerchief. You may carry it on twenty s and never have occasion to use it.

e twenty-first walk will, however, land into open country in the midst of a , or rather with a storm threatening.

ke out the handkerchief, roll it loosely, erwise, that is at its greatest length, nally, and tuck it carefully round your inside the collar.

COLLAR AND CAP.

this is done turn up the collar of jacket, and, if you are wearing one, of overcoat or waterproof. No water will down your neck afterwards.

is a common failing among walking men others to turn up the coat-collar only the rain has been pouring down for a minutes.

of this delay is that instead of a ad of cloth round the neck and ears is a sort of wet pad which at once your comfort. By putting the collar up the first few drops are falling the inner will remain dry and will, with the help of body's natural heat, keep dry through the storm.

the most exposed part thus well pro- the walker or cyclist can go on his ing at the rain.

times it happens that the coat-collar be rather weakened from use) does stand up stiffly all round the neck. Often collar does not touch at the back of the and in time the beating of the rain and drippings from the cap or hat, make s rather wet behind.

prevent this, it is useful to turn the peak e cap to the back. The peak projects the edge of the coat collar, and all the s will shoot down the coat instead of n the neck.

as ill-luck so often has it, you are not pro- perly equipped for bad weather, and are wearing trousers instead of breeches, it is a bad plan, though one that is followed almost invariably, to turn up the trousers. Some men turn them up twice, in a sort of roll, but this is just as bad.

Trousers turned up in heavy rain get irretrievably wrinkled and pulled out of shape. Moreover, the turning up does not save them from being bespattered by the mud you kick up behind you as you walk; and the space between the trousers and the turn-up gets full of mud and other things that help to spoil cloth.

Then, when you reach home, you take them off, fling them aside, and probably forget all about them for two days until they have got set in deep wrinkles and the mud has worked its way well into the cloth.

The stiffest brush is then got to work, and in taking out the mud you take off the fine surface of the cloth, and the trousers are not the same again.

No, a far better plan, when walking through heavy rain and muddy roads or paths, is to tuck the trousers, carefully folded over, into the socks, pulling the socks out and over them after the manner of the cyclist who has no trouser clips.

A TIP ABOUT GLOVES.

The socks should reach above the line up to which you kick the mud. The socks will get well caked, but it is much easier to wash a pair of muddy socks than to get back the hang of a pair of trousers.

Take the gloves off as little as possible in rain. The hand gets damp and the glove when put on again is uncomfortable and clammy. This is especially the case with leather gloves.

The first impulse one has when caught in the rain is to run for shelter, whether it be in a barn or under a tree, or on the leeside of a hayrick, or anything else that offers protection.

But it should be remembered that sudden rain is often thunder rain, and to take shelter recklessly when a thunderstorm is passing over, is a grave risk.

The ways of lightning are not very well understood, but sufficient is known to say that it takes the course of least resistance through the air, and it is attracted by certain metals.

LIGHTNING DANGERS.

If, then, you are standing beneath a tree, it is quite possible that the column of warm air that rises above you may have an attraction for the flash.

Or, it may be, the tree under which you are standing is a high one, and the lightning takes the tree in its passage. But, whatever the cause, it is very unwise to get under a tree in a thunderstorm.

If cycling, it is a wise precaution to dismount and shelter in as low a spot as possible, leaving your bicycle some yards away from you.

The very best thing that can happen to you in a thunderstorm is to get soaking wet. Avoid trees, and do not stand close to your cycle.

F. BROWNE.

ON THE RINK.

A BEGINNER'S IMPRESSIONS.

A dull, muffled roar greets your ears as you enter the place. For a moment you imagine you have struck the lion's den in some circus by mistake, but as you exchange your ticket for a pair of "ball-bearings," you hear the swinging throb of a popular waltz trying to make itself heard above the noise of many wheels.

Keeping an unnecessarily tight grip upon your skates, and bravely endeavouring to appear quite unconcerned, you wend your way through a door, and the rink lies before you.

Somewhere overhead the band is playing, very loudly now, the waltz you heard without, and you stand still, watching the animated scene.

An impulse to drop your skates and make tracks for the exit is banished for ever as a rather pretty girl swings gracefully by, and a firm resolve possesses you to be even as these gliding, flying figures are.

Rinking looks the poetry of motion, it can't be so terribly difficult to master, anyhow you are going to be as——

"Are you a beginner, sir?"

A uniformed figure stands at your elbow. Upon your nodding a sheepish affirmative, he directs you to the "Special Learners' Annexe," known to the more finished class of skaters as "The Beetle Trough," owing to its giving one an impression of the mad, chaotic, scampering of those particular insects when in a trap. It is here you must serve your apprenticeship before being allowed at large upon the main rink, where your early flounderings might mean disaster to others as well as to yourself.

With cold fear gripping at your heart you stand looking at the crowd of frantic, determined-looking novices of both sexes who perform feats of balance which would raise the hair of an expert at the art.

Gingerly descending a few stairs, you make for one of the red plush chairs in order to have your skates fixed, dexterously avoiding en route a young lady who makes a wild clutch at your tie in passing.

The attendant screws on your skates and leaves you to your fate. Just as you have mustered up sufficient courage to grip the arms of the chair in order to stand up, a man gravely executes a double high kick in front of you and lands on his back.

Instantly about a dozen others pile up on top of him, and as you watch this kicking heap of humanity sort itself you cannot help joining heartily in the general laugh.

At last the course is a little clear, and you manage to get upon your feet. Cautiously sliding one foot in front of the other, you simply whizz (no other word will sn ffice) out into the centre. A careering damsel grabs a handful of your coat, and instantly the whole confounded rink stands on its head—or at least you think so at any rate.

You realise to the full why people say the world is hard—it is, objectionably so.

You sit blinking at a skirling forest of legs, expecting to be flattened at any moment. The cause of your downfall kneels in front of you.

"I'm so sorry," she says.

She's deuced pretty, and in that moment all fear departs and for another such smile you would face anything. Clambering to your feet, as best you can you dust your coatsleeves and then two more ladies carry you along with them until you allland with a bump against the rail.

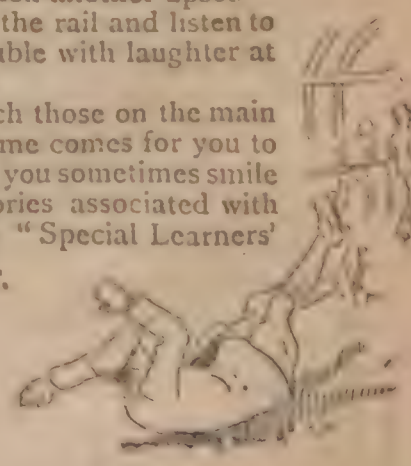
More smiles—more mutual apologies—it's fine sport—everybody is in high spirits.

Thus the evening passes — sometimes you manage a few yards alone—then another upset.

Breathless you rest against the rail and listen to the music—at times you double with laughter at some of the antics before you.

With longing eyes you watch those on the main rink and when at last the time comes for you to take your place among them, you sometimes smile quietly to yourself at memories associated with your first appearance in the "Special Learners' Annexe."

A. G. GRANT.



THE IDEAL & THE REAL

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

He was the type of man whom one would describe as immaculate—that is to say, his clothes were always perfect in the matter of fitting, his ties were tasteful, his boots were invariably well cleaned. He carried himself with pride. Those who knew him only a little wondered what he had to be proud about, and often they said as much to each other.

Proud he was, and reticent. He was not the type of man that you knew all about in ten minutes. There was something impossible to understand in his make-up, something certainly that his critics never understood.

And because they could not understand him they said that he was proud.

When you say that a man is proud, you imply a good deal. You suggest, for one thing, that his estimation of himself is inaccurate, that he supposes he is a heavier weight than he actually is.

They supposed all that of this man.

And they did it because they never *knew* him.

Perhaps if they had seen him sitting on the one chair of the bedroom which he rented, if they had seen him with his coat and his collar and his tie off, if they had seen him thinking of things—and very human things—and possibly thinking of them themselves, they would not have confused their impressions.

To them he was an ideal, and because that ideal was unattainable to them they were jealous of him.

If only for one brief moment they could have seen the real man they would have ceased to envy him.

They would simply have liked him.

* * * * * * *

He was a man of thirty-five. He looked a good deal younger because his face had not developed. It is not age alone that develops a man's face, but experience and the knowledge of life. Of neither had he learned much.

To have called him a horseman would have been absurd, for that term implies a man whose knowledge of horses is sufficient to carry him through any trouble in which they may play a part. Had the old mare which he led given him any trouble, he would not only have been astonished, but also wholly incompetent to deal with her.

She never gave him any trouble.

He was employed by the local authority responsible for the maintaining of the roads of the district. She, almost from the time of her foaling, had done nothing more exciting than draw carts laden with gravel or with small stones for the repairing of the roadways.

The mare had never been overworked, and, perhaps because of that she looked younger than she was. The man had never really been worked at all, and, though thirty-five, he looked little more than twenty—except for his moustache.

He was leading his horse one morning at the edge of a newly macadamised patch of roadway, when far up the hill there sounded the imperative note of an advancing motor-car. He drew his horse a little nearer the ditch, and as the motor flashed past, he turned to look at its occupants, for in his part of the world there were but few things to arouse a man's interest.

The occupants of the car were young men. He saw at once that not one of the three of them could be much more than twenty-five. They were younger men than him by far. Necessarily they must be gilded youths, and the car must be the possession of the father of one or other of them.

"Talk about the House of Lords!" he said to the man who was reputedly the best pickman for miles around. "It's enough to make anybody sick to see youngsters like them there running about the country at forty miles an hour."

And yet he was wrong.

The three men in the car, though young, had worked as he never had done.

Each was earning an income that he would have considered princely, and each was earning it by solid hard labour.

They had been spending a week-end holiday in the country, and they had got up at six o'clock that morning in order to get back to London in time for business. One of them was working all that day and till half-past three on the following morning, just to make his living. His idea of what constituted a living happened to be a bigger one than that of the man with the horse and the cart filled with little stones, but if the latter had known all these things would he have had the right to be jealous?

* * * * * * *

"Nerves are things that he does not happen to possess, and that's the one and only solution of it."

The opinion given by one member of the Squadron was accepted by the rest.

He was a man who took his jumps not only without hesitation, but with apparent delight.

There were others who asked the Sergeant-Major to get them a quiet nag, and who even tipped him to ensure his doing so, but this man took things as they came.

A horse which was known to possess practically every equine vice seemed to be as welcome a mount to him as any other. He would mount with a smile on his face, and the other men envied what they called his pluck.

And yet, if they had only known!

He was plucky only because he knew that he was a coward. He was not a bad sort of chap, and he faced manfully the troubles that his cowardice suggested. The real man was a long way off their ideal—or his own.

R. B.

HOW TO HOLD THE REINS.

FOR HORSEY READERS AND OTHERS.

Riding with a single rein.

There are any number of expert horsemen who would have no small difficulty in telling you exactly how they hold the reins when they are riding or driving. And in many cases, if they succeeded in doing so, you would find their methods quite different from any that are countenanced by recognised authorities on equestrian matters, though they may be none the less serviceable for that.

But as the right way is at least as good as any other it is just as well to try and acquire it naturally, for nothing betrays the novice, either on horseback or on the box, so much as to see him fumbling with his reins or holding them wrongly.

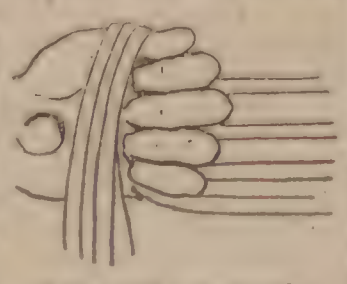
Let us first consider the method of holding the reins when riding.

The first sketch shows the arrangement of the rein when a single rein and snaffle is being used.

The third finger of the left hand is passed between the reins and they are then drawn through the hand until the horse's mouth is felt. The slack of the reins is turned over between the first finger and thumb, so as to fall down the off side of the horse's neck.

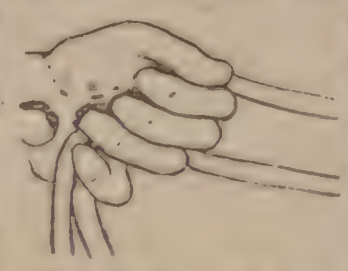
In this way you have a firm grip on the reins, and when in the saddle the natural position for the hand is with the back uppermost.

If a double rein is used, the method is very similar. The reins should be held as shown in the second sketch, each rein except the lowest one being between two fingers, as in this way not only is a stronger hold obtained but the sides of the fingers are sensitive to the touch and are therefore more in sympathy with the horse's mouth.



Riding with a double rein.

The reins should enter the (left) hand from the horse's mouth in the following order: The right snaffle or bridoon uppermost, between the first



The position of the hand when driving.

and second fingers; right curb between second and third; the left curb between third and fourth; left snaffle little finger.

The spare rein passes up through the hand and between the thumb and forefinger, falling over on the off side of the neck.

In the illustration the hand is shown sideways for the sake of clearness, but on mounting the fingers are turned downwards, and the reins will then be found to be in the correct order.

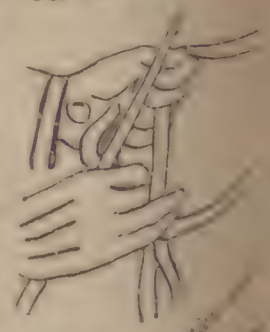
In driving, the reins are held simply in the hand as illustrated in the sketch, being secured by the first and second fingers, and the [illegible] hanging down through the palm of the hand, being prevented from slipping by the pressure of the third and fourth fingers.

The hand, of course, remains in the position illustrated, with the thumb uppermost, and the rein should lie over the knuckle of the forefinger.

The whip is held in the right hand, which will often be needed to assist the left in keeping a pulling horse or in turning corners.

Only the right rein, however, should be handled with the right hand and that in the manner shown in the fourth illustration. On no account should the left hand be allowed to lose its grip on either rein.

If it is necessary to draw the reins tighter, the slack ends must be drawn gently through the left hand by the right, instead of being hauled in hand over hand in the amateur fashion.



The use of the whip when driving.

The position of the left hand should be a natural one, with the left elbow slightly in front of the hip-bone and a little in front of it, so that you feel the horse's mouth easily.

B. SWAINSTON.

LLOWSHIP & COURAGE

ship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; ip is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and s that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's t ye do them.—MORRIS.

power of will with regard to the cur- disease is admitted by every doctor, but re than one man in a thousand can his will power to bear if he is in bad His friends and the doctor bring it to stead, and they do so by cheering him by deceiving him into the belief that ot so ill as he feels.

parallel is not inappropriate in regard rage. A man is born with a certain of courage, generally in proportion to ral strength. There comes in time or the courage he possesses. The cir- s may differ, but the need for cour- the same.

some instances he is a man of such courage that he does not hesitate. He -sufficient, he is lucky, and undoubtedly n exception.

RISIS.

he majority of cases when we find our e necessary, we avoid being cowards not tinct—which is always for self-preser- —but because we remember vividly the sion that fellowship has left upon our

decision has to be made, a letter of ex- importance and danger has to be , a fight has to be fought. Around see the faces of the friends we love. are looking at us calmly and confidently, ing—in fact, taking for granted—that we act in the way that our conscience teaches be most noble.

is not to ourselves that we look at a but to these memory pictures of our . To act differently from the code they and we have established would make ourselves not one of them.

OULD THEY THINK?

the other hand, when we contemplate something that our standard of ethics to be ignoble, when we subordinate st instincts for self-interest, the faces friends hover about us, looking upon us infinite surprise and unbelief, and we banish them from our mental vision. w different it is when the thing a man good, that is to say, in his . Then his hands reach out to these ries of friends. He gathers them to lf, and he does the hard thing because els that he is supported by them.

the making of fellowship he has been up a reserve of mental and ethical . He has given of his best to these otherwise they would not be friend or his boy in friendship the things ves are not lost, but put out at com- interest.

VIAL THINGS.

s to you, in your time of need, come ly the comfort and the sympathy you ven, but all the family of kindly . Has those have bred.

need for courage is often greater in than in battle. In war a man's up, and he is reckless rather than In peace he is calm and collected. ually it is so very easy for him to do courageous thing without being dis- ed.

e is an example.

may seem merely trivial, and it may be ult to see where courage was required, but yourself in my place and ask what you d have done.

he other evening I was returning from an oral party, given by a friend of mine.

We were all bachelors, all the best of pa's, all sportsmen in our own opinion, and all with a very right ideal as to the way a man should conduct himself.

As I walked along, I discovered a policeman talking to an elderly woman. Instinct suggested that I should pass on, that the matter was not one of my concern, that the woman was probably drunk, and that her indiscretion was no fault of mine.

TWO IMPULSES.

That was instinct, and perhaps prudence urged, but the thoughts of the friends I had just left made me stop and ask the policeman what was wrong.

He told me that the old woman had slipped on the edge of the pavement and had hurt her side against the kerb-stone. His chief anxiety was as to whether he should report the case or not: there was no question as to the woman's being sober, and I recognised her as a poor neighbour.

She had been to a cheap quarter of the town some miles away to make her purchases, in order to save a few pence on the cost of her week's provisions, and she was carrying a bag and several parcels, the effort to save which had doubtless made her fall the heavier.

I tipped the policeman, in order that she should be saved all annoyance with regard to her accident being reported, I took her bag and her parcels from her, I gave her my arm and saw her safely into her house.

On the next day I persuaded my landlady to call and see whether she was badly hurt, and I learned in the evening that she had broken a rib.

WHY I DID IT.

The old woman is now perfectly well again, but under the circumstances I cannot feel too thankful that I did the little kindness related.

How should I have felt had I learnt afterwards that she had died, as at her age she might very well have done, as a result of this accident?

And yet the credit was not mine.

I had to walk down a well-lit street with this old woman on my arm, and carrying her parcels, and I had to risk the possible ridicule and misconstruction that might have been placed upon my action by those we met.

To overcome my inclination to pass on, courage was necessary, and the courage required was supplied by my thought of what my friends would do under such circumstances.

It was the borrowed courage of fellowship that made me do the right thing, and therefore I have a higher opinion than ever of the men the thought of whom gave it to me.

C. WOLFE.

HIGH AND LONG JUMPING.

HINTS FOR ATTAINING EXCELLENCE IN BOTH.

Jumping, whether high or long, is, on the face of it, a singularly difficult subject to treat, for its successful execution depends so closely on the personal bent of the individual athlete. But there are one or two very important points that make for good form, and the most prominent of these may fitly be enumerated here.

Dealing, first of all, with the high jump—by far the most popular form of the exercise—we may point out that the successful jumper should be, above all things, "fine-drawn." He should combine the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength and springiness of leg.

It is the same in jumping as in horse-racing. The less weight you carry, the better are your chances.

You should, therefore, avoid in your training any heavy work with the arms and back, for this will develop muscle where it is not required—and is indeed disadvantageous—for jumping.

A word about the run-up. Of course, this is a point which varies with each individual performer; but it is safe to say that the wise man errs on the side of a short run-up.

In high jumping, impetus is of little value, save just enough to carry you over the bar. With this exception, all your available strength should be thrown into your upward spring.

So that you will be well advised to set your run-up at a maximum of a dozen steps.

The take-off is, without doubt, the feature of the jump on which the greatest importance rests, for it has both to be timed correctly and to be judged accurately for distance.

The only way to attain correct timing is by repeated practice,; but here is a hint which, though perhaps it may not suit everybody, is very useful to many athletes.

Count up the average number of steps that you take in your run-up; then take notice of the foot you start with, and the foot which the number of steps causes you to take off with. Then consistent practice will enable you to make each step of equal length and you will take-off from the same distance from the jump time after time.

By the way, a good rule of thumb for judging the distance of your take-off is to make it equal to half the height of the jump. Many men, in practice, put a piece of paper down at that distance, and judge their run-up so that they take off from it.

But this is hardly to be recommended, as it tends very often to give one a stereotyped action contrary to one's natural inclinations.

Here are three very important hints before we leave the subject of high-jumping.

From the moment of leaving the ground, tuck your feet well up under you.

Both start off and land on your toes.

When you touch the ground after the jump, "give" slightly—*i.e.*, relax your muscles. If there is any tension, especially in the muscles of the legs, you may be very nastily jarred.

Turning to the long-jump, there is much in common between it and the high-jump; but there is one widely divergent point. Unlike high-jumping, impetus is here of the highest value.

The jumper, therefore, should take a long run, and be careful to leave the ground at the full completion of his last stride. In other words, the last stride should on no account be scamped or shortened for the purpose of taking-off.

It is the power of judging one's stride that is the real secret of success in long jumping.

C. D. WATERLOW.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

NO UNDERWRITING COMMISSION OR BROKERAGE HAS BEEN OR WILL BE PAID.

The Modern Man, Limited

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Capital - - - £20,000.

DIVIDED INTO

80,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2/- each and 12,000 Deferred Shares of £
(The whole of the last-named are to be allotted fully paid as purchase-price to the Vende
takes no cash consideration.)

80,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2/- each are now offered for subscrip
par. Payable as follows :

6d. per Share on Application. 6d. per Share on Allotment.
1s. per Share as and when required.

The Ordinary Shares will be entitled to a cumulative dividend of 7 per cent. per annum,
rank both as to capital and dividends in priority to the Deferred Shares. The books will be
31st May in each year. It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly, on the 1st July and 1st Febr
first interim dividend in respect of the half-year to 30th November will be payable on the 1st
1911, and will be calculated from the due date of the several instalments.

The Articles of Association provide for the establishment of a reserve until the same eq
the total of the Cumulative Ordinary Shares for the time being issued.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES ALEXANDER SHEPHERD, ESQ., M.A. (Chairman), of Leithfield, Sunbury-on-Th
Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, Editor and Proprietor of THE MODERN MA
CARY GODFRY BOWERMAN, ESQ., of Mornington Lodge, Old Southgate, Managing D
the United Press, Ltd., Printers, Publishers and Advertising Agents.
ALAN HAMER MAUDE, ESQ., B.A., of Leylands, Crowborough, Sussex.

BANKERS.

BARCLAY and COMPANY, LIMITED, 19, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

FRANCIS MILLER and STEELE, St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph-street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

HOWARD HOWES and COMPANY, 35, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

REGISTERED OFFICES.

19, 21 and 23, Tudor-street, London, E.C.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, the Editorial Offices of THE MODERN MAN.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the copyright and goodwill of the well-known sporting weekly paper THE MODERN MAN.

The paper was first published on the seventh day of November, 1908, and from the sales attained at the start it at once became obvious that it was a paper which was wanted. The circulation has steadily increased, and there are now some 250,000 persons who are enthusiastic weekly readers of THE MODERN MAN. The weekly income from advertisements is also eminently satisfactory, and it has steadily grown.

The chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial principle of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the journal an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest, and thereby of furthering the progress of the paper as well as of sharing in its profits.

It should be observed that the Vendor is not re- [illegible] is taking the whole amount in Deferred [illegible] will rank for dividend only after 7 per c[illegible] paid to the Ordinary shareholders. Th[illegible] cant of his entire confidence in the contin[illegible] of the journal.

The present issue will provide the Comp[illegible] working capital of £8,000, which (after provi[illegible] the preliminary expenses mentioned be[illegible] devoted to the development and impr[illegible]

Three of the Typographs, the latest pattern of Type-setting Machines, used in producing THE MODERN MAN.

A Corner of the Composing Department, where the pictur[illegible] with the type.

Part of the Foundry, [illegible] for the rotary machines.

MODERN MAN and to the expansion of the ...pany as a publishing concern. A large pro... of the new capital will be expended in ...ising the paper and thus securing even a wider ... it already possesses. In accordance ...icy which has made the paper so success... the best literary and artistic talent will be ...n its production.

...ng contract has been entered into:

24th May, 1910, made between James ...epherd of the one part and this Com... other part, being the contract entered ... the Company's formation for the acquisi... of the copyright and goodwill of THE MODERN ... the assets and liabilities of the business of ...ishing of the same lately carried ...ctor, together with the benefit of all ... contracts and the book debts, in considera... £12,000 payable in 12,000 Deferred Shares ... each. The Agreement also provides for the ...ces of the said James Alexander Shepherd as ... Director and Editor for a term of ten ...ears at such remuneration as shall be ... by the Board of Directors.

...mentioned contract and the Memoran... ...icles of Association may be inspected by ...ending subscriber at the office of the Solicitors ..., St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph... ..., E.C., between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., at any time within one week from the date hereof. A copy of the Memorandum of Association of the Company is printed in the fold of the Prospectus and forms part of it.

The Articles of Association provide as follows:—

The minimum subscription shall be shares to the nominal amount of £7.

The qualification of each Director is the holding of shares in the Capital of the Company to the nominal amount of £50.

Each Director (other than the Managing Director) shall be entitled to receive by way of remuneration in each year such a sum as the members in general meeting may vote. The Directors have power to appoint from time to time any one or more of their number to be Managing Director or Managing Directors on such terms as to remuneration, and with such powers and authorities, and for such period as they deem fit, and to revoke such appointment and to fix the remuneration payable to such Managing Director or Directors wholly or in part by a commission or percentage on the gross or net profits of the Company generally, or of any special department or branch of its business or of any special transaction and to grant to any Director required to go abroad or elsewhere or to render any other extraordinary service such special remuneration including travelling and living expenses for the services rendered as they may think proper.

Every member will be entitled to one vote on a show of hands, but on a poll every holder of Ordinary Shares shall have one vote in respect of each ten shares held by him, and every holder of Deferred Shares shall have one vote in respect of each Deferred Share held by him.

The preliminary expenses of the Company, including the formation and registration of the Company and the legal and other expenses connected with the transfer of the journal and the sum payable for printing, issuing, and advertising this prospectus, will be paid by the Company, and are estimated at £300. The minimum number of Ordinary Shares that will be allotted to each person is five.

Application for shares should be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. Cheques should be made payable to THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED, or bearer.

Preference in allotment will be given to readers, newsagents, and others interested in this journal. If in any case the number of the shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment.

When no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. Failure to pay any instalments will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Office of the Company or from [illegible] Bankers or Solicitors.

Dated, 24th May, 1910.

One of the Machines on which THE MODERN MAN is printed. This Machine prints copies at the rate of 24,000 an hour.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

[illegible] Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

[illegible].

I enclose herewith the sum of £....., being a deposit of 6d. per share on application for ..... 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of two shillings each in the above Company. ... that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any ... that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the ... of Joint Stock Companies and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the ... and I further agree to pay the balance when due, and authorise you to place my name upon the ... of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

Name in full.....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

.....

Description .....

Usual signature .....

Date .....1910.

THE MODERN MAN Publishing Office, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FIRING A "FURIOUS JOY."

SOME ANECDOTES.

On the King's birthday, which will in future probably be celebrated on June 3, and on occasions of national rejoicing, the troops throughout the Empire fire a *feu-de-joie*—or "furious joy" as Tommy calls it—the men standing in line and firing blank cartridge into the air in rapid succession.

I shall always remember my own first *feu-de-joie*. I had only just joined, but we were very short of officers, and so on the Queen's Birthday, as it then was, I found myself commanding a company on parade, with about as much notion how to do it as I had of squaring the circle.

Having at last found my position I became aware of a sort of confused bellowing from the right of the line, and looking round out of the corner of my eye I saw a large, black-moustached and mounted officer, who seemed to be rather excited about something or other.

From time to time he rose in his saddle and roared forth something, but what it was I should have defied a professor of languages, ancient or modern, to say. Even at the distance that separated us I could perceive that he was rapidly turning a bright purple. I had been taught at Sandhurst, however, where in those days they taught you everything of a private's duties on parade, nothing of an officer's, whatever may be the system at Camberley now, always to look straight to my front, and so I reckoned that the thunder-breathing gentleman was no concern of mine, and returned to "eyes front."

Apparently I was mistaken, for presently he galloped down on me, and assailed me in language that was really quite rude. I forget what my offence was. I think I had had my "toasting fork" at the "slope" when it should have been at the "carry," or *vice versâ*.

The trouble was that he had such a big moustache that his voice, which started in his jack-boots, never got really beyond it. I could make out various "damns," and "strong words," and frantic appeals to the Almighty, but what he was really talking about beat me, and I gazed at him with what was meant to be an engaging and propitiatory smile. It nearly made him fall off his charger, and at last in sheer desperation he grabbed my sword and dragged it into the required position.

And then he started all over again, bellowing like any Boanerges. I wondered what was the matter, but I was not particularly concerned; I felt that he had finished with me, and so I kept looking immovably to my front. Again I was mistaken in thinking that his proceedings had no interest for me, for presently he thundered down on me once more, and from a corruscation of expletives I could just disentangle a fevered desire on his part to know why the blue, blithering flames I didn't "dress?"

Dress! I was dressed, beautifully dressed by the best of military tailors.

I thought that perhaps a button had come undone, and anxiously looked myself up-and-down. I suppose that like the costermonger on a certain occasion, he felt that there was "no bloomin' word for it."

Then I suddenly grasped the fact that for the best part of five minutes he had been trying to get us in a nice, straight line, and that I, out of alignment, had obstinately refused to "right dress."

I sympathised with the major in his justifiable emotion, but I was not desperately sorry when at the first crackle of the "furious joy" his charger bolted with him and carried him on to the saluting base. There he nearly upset the G.O.C. (General Officer commanding), killed the Chief Staff Officer's pet wife's—I mean the C.S.O.'s wife's pet dog, and cut a devastating way through the crowd, finally to disappear in trailing clouds of glory and dust.

None of us ever heard exactly what happened to him, but he returned to mess in a cab and a borrowed overcoat, having contrived seriously to tear the seat of his breeches.

CHINSTRAP.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A MEMORABLE WEEK.

This week is a great one in the history of the paper, for in this number I am printing the prospectus of the company which it is necessary for me to found in order that my readers, and the newsagents who have backed me up so heartily, may join me in participating in the profits of this enterprise.

Like everything else in journalism, this prospectus has been got out at great speed. I have, as I dictate, a draft of it lying upon my knees, and upon the margin are certain corrections and comments that I made upon it while motoring at speed (a good deal beyond the legal limit) this morning from the country to London.

I have enlisted the best legal advice obtainable in regard to the drawing up of the prospectus, but it is possible that I may have omitted from it some points upon which you would desire enlightenment. My endeavour has been to make everything as plain as possible, but should you discover any point upon which you desire further information I trust that you will write to me, and I shall with pleasure let you know.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

An ordinary business prospectus is rather an uninteresting document, and I have endeavoured to make this one a little brighter by introducing some actual photographs, which may be of interest to you, and which will certainly give you some idea of the magnitude of the business as it has now become.

I remember that in my first birthday number I gave pictures of our Editorial offices and so forth. These were what we call in the trade line drawings, and were made by very competent artists. I adopted that method because the paper upon which THE MODERN MAN is printed is of rather too rough a texture to take half-tone blocks. On this occasion, however, I think that drawings of any description would be out of place, and I have had actual photographs reproduced as well as I possibly can, in order that your impression may be exact and correct.

It is very difficult for me to impress upon you as I should like to do the opportunity that I am now offering you. Every promoter of a company paints his business in glowing terms, and the investing public is too familiar with them to be much impressed.

I can only say that I am not appealing to the investing public at all.

I am advertising this company only in THE MODERN MAN and in one other paper—namely, "The Newsagent," which is purely a trade paper and read only by newsagents.

I have chosen this course because I want my new partners to consist wholly of readers of the paper and of newsagents, for it is they who have helped me so much to build up my success.

The business is already successful beyond all precedent. There is no publishing house in London or elsewhere which can show such a substantial circulation with their first publication.

AN EXAMPLE.

The Amalgamated Press, whose chairman, as I daresay most of you know, is Lord Northcliffe, has for many years past paid from 33⅓ to 40 per cent. to their ordinary shareholders.

This means that those who, in the early days of "Answers," when it was floated into a company, invested one pound, are now drawing the very substantial interest of 6s. 8d. to 8s. annually. If they invested £100 then, they are now drawing from £33 6s. 8d. to £40 each year.

"Answers"—and I do not think that I am betraying any trade secrets in saying so—did not leap into prominence at once as THE MODERN MAN has done. I do not wish to cast any reflection whatsoever upon the company to which I have referred, for at one period of my career I worked for them, and I do not think very much of a man who throws mud at a person or organisation whose bread and salt he has eaten. [illegible] desire is to impress upon you the fact [illegible] success of THE MODERN MAN has [illegible] equalled, far less surpassed, by any other p[illegible] tion whatsoever.

GROWTH.

Every large business of the [illegible] day is a limited company. [illegible] saw years ago—in fact, long before [illegible] number of this paper was printed—[illegible] MODERN MAN would at some period [illegible] a limited liability company. I did [illegible] that the moment would arrive so soo[illegible] has done. Most papers have to [illegible] hard for a considerable time, and du[illegible] period of struggle it would be absurd fo[illegible] invite subscriptions for shares. I am glad [illegible] that my period of struggle was extremely b[illegible] it can be said ever to have existed at all.

The time has now come, however, [illegible] business has outgrown its present o[illegible] just as a growing boy gets too big for his c[illegible]

There are two ways of facing the future [illegible] is to go on as I have done, and to make [illegible] which, though substantial, could be vastl[illegible] panded. The other way is to expand the bu[illegible] at once, and to reap not only the present p[illegible] but also the additional ones that will co[illegible] the expansion.

I have chosen the latter and the more [illegible] method. I am floating the concern into a [illegible] pany, as every successful publisher before [illegible] done.

The only difference in my case is that [illegible] confining the shares to my readers and [illegible] newsagents.

OUR NEW PAPER.

In the prospectus I have [illegible] many points which appeared [illegible] original draft of it, for I do not [illegible] sider it advisable to let my competitors [illegible] my secrets, for in a business like ours com[illegible] tion is very keen, and not always kind.

There is one item in particular which [illegible] doubtless have been interesting to you, and [illegible] would most certainly have been intensely in[illegible] ing to the other London publishing houses.

That was the description of a new paper [illegible] I have in contemplation.

I conceived the idea for this second paper [illegible] years after I hit upon the idea of THE MO[illegible] MAN, and it became a question which paper [illegible] be produced first. I decided upon THE M[illegible] MAN because, although I knew it would [illegible] much more than the other, I could put my [illegible] into it better.

The other paper I may say is a paper for l[illegible] If my competitors care to suppose that it will [illegible] run on similar lines to this paper, they are [illegible] do so, for I can assure them they are [illegible] The new paper is not going to be in any [illegible] like the MODERN MAN, for frankly I [illegible] high opinion of the athletic woman. The [illegible] of it is entirely different.

I felt reasonably certain that THE M[illegible] MAN would be successful. I feel [illegible] that the new one will.

Women buy more papers than men do, and [illegible] also buy more advertised commodities. [illegible] the revenue from the new paper, both from [illegible] and from advertising, will be gratifying.

I thought of bringing out this paper as a [illegible] venture, in precisely the same way as I br[illegible] out THE MODERN MAN, but it has been impr[illegible] upon me by my business friends that I ou[illegible] issue it as a sister publication to this, and [illegible] ought to consolidate my whole business by [illegible] ing into it the readers who have been such [illegible] friends to me.

I have decided to act on that advice [illegible] inviting you to become a partner with me, [illegible] think we shall work very well together.

YOURS EDITORIALLY,

JAMES ALEXANDER [illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand, [illegible]

OTTY POINTS IN GAMES.

VI. LAWN TENNIS.

layer in serving misses the ball altogether, this count as a "fault"? No, it is not a and he may serve again, but should the ouch any part of his racket ever so slightly it is a fault.

layer makes a return which hits another ball on the court, and naturally enough leaves the player an unplayable stroke, is it a "good "? Yes, it is a player's duty to keep his f the net or court free from loose balls.

posing a ball hits the umpire or a spectator, hen rebounds over the net and into play, appens? It all depends whether the ball e umpire or spectator on the volley or after ing. In the former case the point is lost in ter case it is made, supposing, of course, that ponent fails to return the ball. In the latter of course, the ball must first have crossed t.

posing a dog runs on the court, stops a ball, erwise prevents the player from playing ll, what happens? It is a "let."

what circumstances can a ball that has not d the net score? If a ball be returned out- e post, and curves in owing to wind or other so as to drop within bounds, it is a good . Further, it does not matter whether the ravels round the post above or *below* the f the top of the net.

en may a player take a ball on his opponent's f the net? If a ball after crossing the net or be blown back over the net again, then ayer taking the ball may reach over the net e it, provided always that neither he, his nor any part of his clothes touch the net t.

four-handed game a player serves out of and the mistake is not discovered until have been scored. What happens? The who ought to have served will continue the , but all points made before the mistake scovered will stand. If a game has been eted before such discovery it stands good.

player knocks into an umpire, linesman, or around the court, and is thereby prevented playing the ball, does he lose the stroke? Umpires, linesmen, chairs, or benches the court and their occupants are con- "permanent fixtures" of the court, and is that where a "permanent fixture" of urt interferes with a player he must grin ar it, and lose the point.

ayer appeals to the referee from the decision umpire giving a ball out, and the referee s in his favour, what is wrong about this? feree has no power to deal with questions only with matters of law.

D. WETHERBY.

E SPORTING TIMES

herwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

rter and More Amusing than Ever.

cognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

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Published Every Friday,
2, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LANGUAGE DIFFICULTIES.

"It must," said the lady who gushed, "be so interesting to be a foreigner and to come to this country fresh for the receiving of new impressions. Have you been naturalised?"

The distinguished foreign guest felt a little bit awkward.

He had heard that English ladies had got rid of much of the conventional reserve, but this—

"Madam—" he said, and he stuttered, and then said nothing at all.

"I don't mean what you think I mean," said the lady. "I want to know whether you have become a British citizen. Have you, as I said before, been naturalised?"

"Ze doctor," replied the distinguished foreign guest, "he made a little cut in my arm, and he said I would not suffer from smallpox for ten years to come. Ah, yes, I have been what you call naturalised. Madam. I misunderstood you."

THE SOLUTION.

One of the most rapid ways of learning to write passably good English is to acquire the art of putting crooked sentences straight.

This profound truth was well understood by the youthful schoolmistress, and, acting upon it, she said to the best boy in her class:

"I didn't have no fun at the seaside. How would you put that right, Johnnie?"

The little boy paused, scratched himself, and did other things to gain time for thought.

But apparently the school-mistress meant what she said.

"If I'd been you, miss," he said, "I'd have got a sweetheart."

GETTING IT OVER.

He was in Dublin, and he was feeling pretty rotten, but he thought a little fresh air might pull him together.

So he called up a cabby and instructed him to drive him about slowly for an hour.

"But don't go fast," he said. "My nerves won't stand it."

Pat took the reins, and the whip, and proceeded to drive like Jehu, furiously.

"What the devil are you doing," shouted his fare. "Didn't I tell you to drive slowly? I'm not in any hurry."

"Begorra," said Pat (at least if he didn't, he ought to have done). "D' ye think I'm going to be all day driving ye yer blessed hour?"

NO EXPLOSION.

A gentleman undertook to purchase a blouse for his wife.

"What bust?" inquired the assistant.

"I don't know," replied the husband. "I didn't hear anything burst."

HOW TO BUILD KENNELS.

PROTECTING A DOG FROM DRAUGHTS AND WEATHER.

I do not think I can go far wrong if at this season of the year, and just before the advent of what may be a hot summer, I call attention to the matter of ventilation. These remarks are meant to apply particularly to those folk who are tempted to build new kennels.

It is an accepted fact that distemper is more prevalent in dirty kennels than in those which are wholesome and well ventilated. Dogs breathe on an average 20,000 cubic inches of air in an hour. This is, of course, only a rough calculation, but it is not very far wide of the mark.

The respired air in a kennel ascends to the roof, and if it cannot find an exit there by an outlet placed somewhere for that especial purpose, on cooling, it descends again, mixes with the other air, and soon vitiates the whole kennel. The upper ventilator, therefore, should be placed high.

It ought to be large, though at the same time protected from the severe weather and winds which may cause a direct draught.

The lower ventilator, experience has taught, should be placed a few feet from the ground. This prevents any draught blowing on to the sleeping dog. Draughts, by cooling one part of the body more than another, act injuriously, and colds are the result. Every dog has some one particular organ weaker than another, and cold or draughts are sure to fix themselves upon that weak organ.

When the body is temporarily weakened and the vitality is lowered for a time, as it is during a period of sleep, then exposure to damp and draughts makes the danger all the greater.

Everyone should be especially careful with brood bitches. They should not be stinted in their daily allowance of exercise, yet it should not be forced upon them. Oaten straw is perhaps the best for their bedding and it should always be kept dry and free from any smell. Give them a variety of food, and do not forget a little castor oil at times.

The dog is naturally active, and will take a great deal of exercise if allowed, so long as he is not over-fed, and thereby rendered inactive and lazy. Chained dogs should have at least an hour's exercise twice a day. Lap dogs do not get enough exercise in the house, and a carriage airing is not a substitute for a run. The latter gives dogs the full use of their limbs and free play of their lungs.

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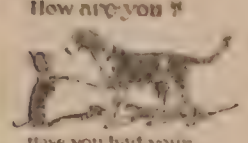
are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.



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KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CRAMP AND ITS TREATMENT.

It is not an unusual experience just at the beginning of the summer, when so much more outdoor life becomes possible for us all, for a man to suffer from attacks of cramp

The attacks may not be very severe or prolonged, and they may not trouble him seriously. But cramp in however slight a degree is not an ailment that a man should lightly disregard.

The cause of cramp is usually the overworking of the muscles affected, which overwork has exhausted the nervous energy at their command.

The muscle is unable to continue to put out the energy demanded of it, and adopts a very drastic form of complaint—it strikes, and refuses to go on, at the same time giving its hard taskmaster a very painful time.

Except in very severe cases, cramp answers readily to ordinary treatment. Complete rest of the affected muscles is, of course, absolutely necessary, and regular massage, carried out for a considerable time, will be found to relieve the trouble.

Runners, swimmers, those who take very long walks, and indeed all who make heavy demands upon any or all of their muscles, are liable to the sudden onset of cramp.

This suddenness is one of its most serious features, and is shown at its worst in the case of the swimmer, suddenly doubled up by violent contractions of his abdominal and leg muscles, and rendered helpless. It is a trained and cool athlete who can keep his head when suffering from cramp while in the water.

To avoid the risk of attack it is very beneficial to give all the muscles a thoroughly good rubbing down every day, especially while they are accommodating themselves to the extra demands made upon them.

FOR GRACE AND SUPPLENESS.

There is much admirable exercise to be obtained from a study of the picture accompanying this paragraph.

The exercise, in which the picture shows but one attitude, is among the best known methods for giving general grace and suppleness to the whole frame, and specially for giving the limbs, collectively and individually, a good sturdy swing and firmness.

Separate the legs as far as possible.

A man should not only be able, he should also show in his gait and movements that he is able, to call into activity all the limbs and muscles that may at any moment be at rest. He should have the appearance of agility, and these exercises will give that appearance, based on actual ability, more readily than any other exercises.

If you have a wide corridor, a cleared room, or any open space in which to move freely, this exercise can be made a constant source of new interest.

In carrying out the exercises, the right arm and the right leg should work together and the left limbs likewise. Stand at attention. Lunge forward with the right leg, at the same time shooting forward the right arm to its utmost length.

The left arm should be extended, roughly in the same straight line with the other arm. The entire body, along the left side, from the head to the left foot, should be in firm alignment.

The attitude is a very fine one, and brings out some of the most vigorous-looking poses of the body. It enables the athlete to develop on graceful lines, if he can carry out the practices before a mirror, in order to get the best effect of the various positions.

When the first movement is completed, do not wait, but give a strong spring off the left foot, throw it far forward, together with the left arm, and let the right leg take the hindmost position, straight, stiff, and in alignment with the body.

By striding along the corridor in this way, the limbs get remarkably supple and the stride grows longer and more springy. Do not, however, try too long a stride, as the body is apt to overbalance and the value of the exercise will be lost.

ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

This exercise is easily practised, since all that is necessary is an ordinary chair.

Sit down upon the chair sideways, that is with the back of the chair on the right or left, according to choice,

Place the hands easily over the thighs, and by slow degrees lean backwards, being careful to preserve the balance between the two extremities of the body.

A steady strain.

At first the discomfort and even pain of this preliminary process may be considerable, but it clearly shows that muscles that should be flexible are getting set from disuse.

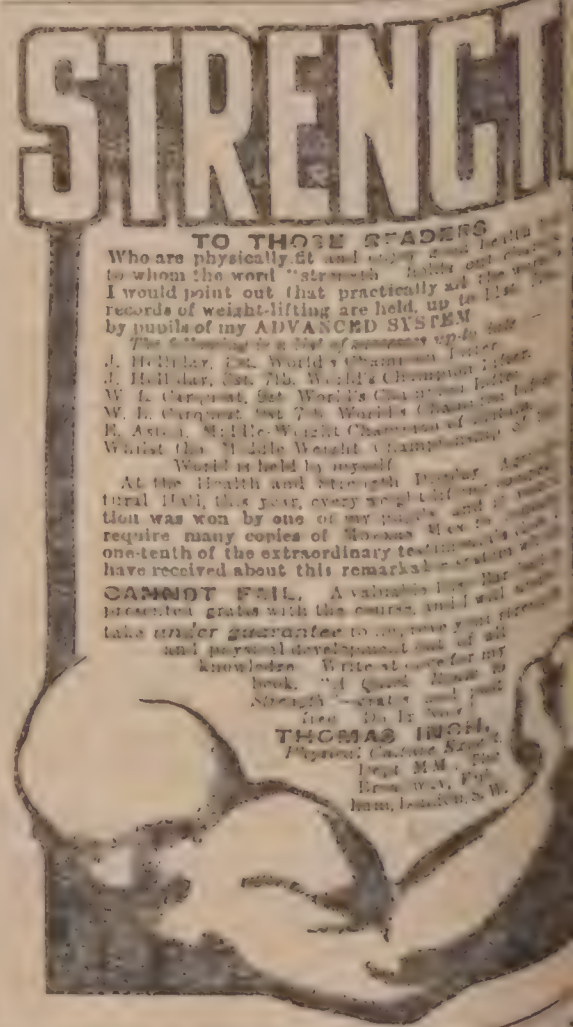
When both the head and the feet are as low as possible below the level of the chair seat, the second and vital part of the exercise begins. This is to raise the body up to a sitting position without mechanical assistance.

It is not easy, but at the outset it may be accomplished with the purchase which a slight swing of the legs will give.

This swing must, of course, be dispensed with as soon as possible, and the body must be raised and lowered slowly, several times.

The feat calls into play especially the abdominal muscles, and its careful performance regularly will give a man a fine set of muscles.

Should it be found impossible to [illegible] body unaided, the feet, at the outset, [illegible] hitched below a bedstead or other [illegible] ledge that will afford a means of support enable the trunk to be raised easily.


STRENGT
TO THOSE READERS
Who are physically fit and
to whom the word "strength
I would point out that practically all the
records of weight-lifting are held, up to
by pupils of my ADVANCED SYSTEM
J. Hollidar, Esq., World's Champion
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to do so. There is no catch a
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the discoverer—am offering it to
fortunately afflicted.

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disease write to me at once, never
you cannot afford to pay me a sing
for I am going to prove that my di
is a positive cure for Consumptio
matter what it costs, and if you are
to pay me, all you have to do is to
local doctor to watch the speedy re
you will most probably make, and
the treatment specially suitable fo
case free of all charge. I am only
this to convince the Medical Profe
the long-sought-for cure has been fo

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spent in Africa, and whilst in a
part of this big Continent I came
quite by accident—the clue which
me to give to the world one of
most valuable secrets, that has and
granting a new lease of life to so
sufferers.

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for any deposit or wish any pay
ever until you are perfectly sa
are being cured.

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direct from my laboratory to the
or the patient's medical adviser
note all letters and telegrams intend
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Wimbledon, London, S.W.

A SKETCH

THE UNHOLY TRINITY

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

was my friend Bessinger who re-
d me of the existence of that tem-
s town, that you probably know by any
other than Whitpool. He spoilt my appetite
eakfast by sending me a picture post-
ing a photograph of Whitpool's vaunted
and a Moorish-looking nightmare stuck
end of what the natives proudly refer to
ongest Pier in England" which fact you
regret after a duck and green peas dinner.
nday 12.30 p.m.," that card read. "Having
Sal's old beer at Grayvin's with Kay
. Same old Wimble tribe on the pier
same old socks, ogling the same old
rls. What a bourgeois one-horse show!
Cætera! E. J. B."
old Bessinger! He was ever a polyglot
pondent, and wrote inspired notes to dark,
nd mid-brown ladies. . . . Looking at
at the expansive front with its flourishing
pool Rock" barrows, at the specimen of the
al trend of the pier architect's ideas, I am
back on the magic carpet of memory to that
ere he was a shining light of an unholy
that religiously, as became residents, sup-
home industries by purchasing season
for Whitpool's Palace Pier, and proceeded
life without spending much.
pool's coat of arms was something splendid
., but Whitpool's metaphorical trousers
patched, and none knew better than Whit-
youth that, in the winter, a long overcoat
a multitude of sartorial sins.
the summer, when a Whitsun-heralded
lass band had played in the glorious
n" with great éclat, Whitpool's youth,
had assisted at the spring-cleaning of the
al boarding-house by whitewashing the
gs and papering the bedrooms, drew forth
ncient Norfolk jacket and last year's dark
l "bags," hounded sisters upstairs to darn
socks, and was ready, aye, ready for the
the arrival of the eternal feminine.
casual Bessinger—uncaring of anything
of an absolute lack of copper coins bearing
te King's or the late Queen's image and
scription—did more whitewashing than any
and at papering was able to give any pro-
al one piece in five, and beat him for speed
nish by a short slap-dash.
as only fitting, therefore, that he should by
irtue of the industrious hold pride of place
he wealthier, George Vance and the nonde-
me.

enius of no mean order was Bessinger, for,
he placid countenance of a policeman who
nerged from an area gate just in time to
e pie-crust crumbs from his mouth ere the
r approaches, he would sport as the latest
ties a fragment of spotted taffeta left
her sister in the making of a blouse.
and this was in his very extreme youth
reaming cummerbunds were in fashion—he
round his waist a generous folding of red rep,
the side the world did not see bore un-
signs of this. That for a space it earned
e name of "Chaircover" did not worry
. Only his expert friends fathomed the
and they would not have betrayed him
on the rack itself.
e of the rules that the chequered three lived
was the excellent one which provides that a
ould not under any circumstances be given
to outsiders.
ropos of this, am I not right in observing
is one thing more than another that
youth shrinks from admitting it is
woollen winter pants exhibit signs

the first sea bathe of the year, yet Vance
had returned to the bathing hut blue and
ing, while Bessinger in the water still endea-
d to prove to us that it was "quite warm."

We had not noticed it while we were stripping, but Bessinger's "slender men's" were certainly eloquent of the fact that, like the brittle heart in the "Harp that once through Tara's Halls," they intended indignantly to give up the unequal struggle.

Gibbs, the bathing-hut proprietor, entered while we were engaged in pinking our backs with rough towels. He looked under the forms and lockers around the hut, and said things.

It seemed that some "Young men from Lunnon" had been down that morning and in an excess of purely animal spirits had temporarily dismantled the hut, put sand in Mr. Gibbs's beer-bottle, parted the mop's wool in the middle, clothed it in an oily, chalked "Our Mr. Gibbs" thereon, and—well, raised Cain generally.

"Guv me a dollar between them—toffs they were, certainly," said Gibbs, "but my! It took me some time to clear up, and hain't done yet! What's *this?*"

His eagle eye had espied something under the long seat whereon were Bessinger's things.

"Strewth-a-mighty!" exclaimed Mr. Gibbs, holding up the truncated darn, which boasted small scraps of merino in places, each patch an oasis in the general desert of coarse "criss-crossed" angola.

At that moment Bessinger entered. His warning glance at us was not necessary in the least.

"By jove!" said Vance, languorously, to Gibbs, "*I* don't think much of your swanky customers from London if that's a specimen of their underwear!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bessinger. "Take the dam thing away. A pair of pants? Bladys! Thought it was a bloomin' angola shawl!"

It was a case in which pride beat Bessinger's underwear pointless.

I must refer to that post-card again. On it, a reference to the top of the first column will show you, was mentioned the name of Wimble—magic in the very dear dead days of long ago.

Wimble was the arch enemy of the Unholy Trinity, and ran an organisation on similar lines. The object of both syndicates was to effect the usual seaside introductions, and to be seen with the smartest things that sojourned for awhile in Whitpool, and forget that they were for some fifty weeks of the year industriously and excellently employed in pushing down the ivory stoppers on a typewriter's universal keyboard.

Now, Wimble, for all that his socks almost sang choruses of popular songs, was a young man of sense.

The old game of "Excuse-me-but-have-I-seen you-before" was with him as dead as diabolo. He carried with him instead a gold wire bracelet which bore the name of "Enid."

Spying "something" which looked sufficiently exclusive to be worth conquering, Wimble would walk boldly up, and, with that air which was second only to Bessinger's, he would ask if the lady had perchance dropped it.

No? Oh, somehow he thought he had overheard her addressed as "Enid." "Edith, *not* Enid?" His mistake entirely! Perhaps she would not mind asking her friends, then, and letting him know on the morrow?

This, of course, would give him some legitimate excuse for speaking again, and he was free now to stop and ask whether the bracelet had been claimed.

The rest, to a man of Wimble's calibre, was easy, and under our very noses he and his organisation would carry off the prizes with sickening regularity—and all because we scorned to pirate what he termed his "patent."

Our method was to wait until the weekly drill nights came round, and then to march Bessinger in his Yeomanry uniform to a confetti fight on Whitpool's Palace Pier. His shoulder chains bristled with vari-coloured and tiny pieces of paper at the conclusion of the battle, but on such nights Wimble and Co. were any price you liked.

Yet there came a day when the casual Bessinger decided to outwit Wimble at his own game.

On the upper deck of the pier we had watched Wimble at his ancient artifice. We had seen him, in outrageous socks, dart out of the Pier Master's office, where he had waited in ambush, and attempt to "bag" a shrinking maiden of most demure demeanour. We saw him offer her the gold wire bracelet, the intrinsic value of which might be generously put down as 9½d. minus profit.

She said no word, but the Unholy Trinity noted with ecstatic glee that it was evident that her indignation had arisen to 96 degrees in the shade at Wimble's audacity in daring to imagine for one moment that *she* should possess such a cheap specimen of the dud jeweller's art as that name-bracelet.

"This," said Bessinger, "is where we have him on the hop."

We knew what he meant. For days he had smiled at her, weakly, in vain. He totted up his assets, exactly a sovereign. That very afternoon he visited a jeweller's, bought for fifteen shillings a moonstone brooch, and awaited results.

Surely the demure maiden could not be offended by the suggestion that such a tricky-looking little affair was hers! Besides, Bessinger reasoned, it was an excellent investment, because it beat the be-socked Wimble's bracelet to blazes, and would undoubtedly become the passive hero of many an amorous passage of arms for years to come.

At night, with the confetti battle on the Palace Pier, came our opportunity. The casual Bessinger, who had stood us all a dry shampoo on the strength, touched the demure girl on the arm, while multi-hued confetti still rained.

Breathlessly he spoke unto her.

"Excuse me—found this just now. Is it—yours?"

The maiden looked at the brooch carefully.

"Thank you," said she coldly, "it *is*. Good evening."

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Whether or not you agree with the Budget —whether you think you get back indirectly what you pay for directly out of your income —professional earnings or "unearned increment"—is no concern of ours. On the other hand, there is no question about the fact that we can help to pay them, because our Clients make profits.

OUR CLIENTS MAKE PROFITS.

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No Stamps or Fees. **No Commissions.**

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F. S.'s Account.

Cheques.			£	s.	d.
16703	...	...	12	0	0
17412	...	...	14	0	0
17736	...	...	42	0	0
18082	...	...	30	0	0
18131	...	...	32	0	0
18215	...	...	32	0	0
18330	...	...	8	7	7
18533	...	...	31	15	0
19491	...	...	18	0	0
Total ...			£220	2	7

W. A. McM.'s Account.

Cheques.			£	s.	d.
16942	...	...	199	1	1
19460	...	...	136	16	0
19767	...	...	275	0	1
Total ...			£610	13	

G. W. D.'s Account.

Cheques.			£	s.	d.
19655	...	...	24	0	0
20382	...	...	30	0	0
20859	...	...	29	16	7
20976	...	...	20	10	1
Total ...			£104	6	8

How many people could have paid their income-tax out of the £376,070 we have paid clients? Look at the particulars of cheques paid to three of our clients, and consider whether you would not be justified and practical in filling in this coupon. That is all we ask of you.

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A WEEKLY FEATURE.

ONE OR MANY BERTHS?

SHOULD A MAN CHANGE EVERY FEW YEARS?

There are many employers who object in a constant stream to new blood through their offices.

To them, the presence of an employee at the same desk for many years on end is taken as a sign that that employee is merely killing time, trying to be forgotten in the office routine, and anxious to adopt just the routine which, in practice, has become habitual.

Now there is much to be said for this view is on the face of it plain. But there is, I think, just a little more to be said against it.

One thing an employer will obtain by constantly changing his men, and that is a keen, fresh mind, who will never grow stale and merely mechanical.

On the other hand, he will lose the spirit of personal and collective loyalty on behalf of the firm; and in modern business this counts for much, although there is no account of it in the ledger.

Moreover, men employed by a firm that is known to be fond of change, will come to feel that sooner or later, their "number will go up," and they will pass out of the firm.

This knowledge will tend to diminish a man's interest in his work, and though it may not lead to incalculable cash losses, it does, in the long run, tend to weaken a firm's position in many subtle ways.

Casting a balance then between the two alternatives, the wise employer will probably decide that a permanent staff will give the best results. He will also recognise that by judicious shifting of duties among his staff he will prevent the employees from getting into ruts in which many a man has run downhill to destruction.

The employee's point of view involves different considerations. It is no uncommon thing nowadays to hear men declare that they would never think of remaining in the same firm for more than seven, eight, or at the most, ten years.

They argue that if a man is going to rise to a position worth retaining, he will do so within that number of years, if that number of years elapses, and finds himself a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—and a small salary—he is not likely to be singled out for promotion though he should remain a hundred years in that firm's service.

The employee also argues, and with good reason, that too long a period in one firm prevents him from gaining that wide experience which no one can fit him for a high and well-paid position. This is one of the strongest arguments in favour of change at fairly short intervals—say, of five years each.

To sum up, it would seem to be the case that up to the age, say, of thirty-three or near it on either side, a man can do no harm, but rather good, to his prospects by a fairly frequent change by which he gains experience.

After the age of thirty-seven he has not turned his experience to more than average account, he had better keep the post he has than try further afield. He will probably not do very great after this age, and must learn to value the bird in hand above the two in the bush.

And after all, we have it on a high authority that contentment is great gain.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Business is quiet in the city, as might be expected, with the funeral of his late Majesty King Edward. Many people are away from business altogether, and those who come to the City seem to have little heart for business.

Americans have been strong and Rubbers much quieter—I intimated the other week that Yankees were likely to advance when the pace of Rubbers slowed down. Canadas and Unions are in the van of the movement.

I consider Canadas good for a rise. They are at the moment about 198. It is a big price, but the railway is a great one, and its possibilities are immense.

SOMETHING GOOD.

I am happy to say that in this column I have from time to time been able to tip you several very sound financial winners.

You will doubtless remember that when the Rubber boom was at its height, I gave a couple of tips that brought many pounds into the pockets of those who acted upon them.

The tip I now have to give you is one that can scarcely be considered on a par with Rubber, for it is not of a speculative character. It is a sound industrial investment. It is, in short, the paper which you are now reading.

With the Editor's permission, I have gone fully into the books, and I have no hesitation whatsoever in advising all those who have money to invest to put it into THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

The Editor's policy in issuing the shares at 2s. each is a novelty, and also in my opinion a first-class idea, for, in a concern like this, the more shareholders one has, the more rapid progress will the company make.

Other publishing companies, which have not in their early years attained the success that this paper has attained, have made gigantic profits, and it is my personal feeling that THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED, will surpass them all, both in magnitude and also as a money-making concern.

GERSON, HAMSON, AND CO.—D. M. (East Dulwich).—The firm you name have disappeared. Any reference you saw in THE MODERN MAN to this firm was certainly not by way of recommendation. I am afraid there is little or no chance of your getting your money back. The time to make inquiries about people is before you deal, not after you have dealt.

SHEBA GOLD MINES.—J. S. R. (Fife).—I consider the shares you name rather speculative, but I should certainly hold them for a rise. I see they are now 5s.—5s. 6d. In any case these shares often move in sympathy with any forward movement, and I think you may see your money back at any rate.

JAPANESE.—R. S. C. (Ealing).—I can certainly recommend Japanese 4½ per cents. It is bearer stock, aud divided into two series—first and second.

F. M. (Carlisle).—Yes, it is safe; but it is not a high rate of interest.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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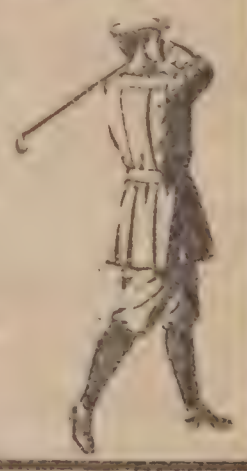

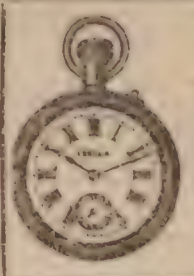

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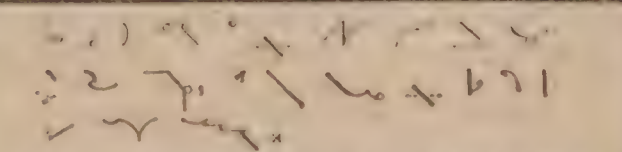

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By J. F. JAMESON.

XIII. A FAIR EXCHANGE.

I.

Outside on the white bench to which the railings around the "Waggon and Horses" Inn formed a back rest, Corporal John Malling, in his regimental undress riding outfit, sat reading a letter from the Cavalry Barracks at Canterbury while he basked in the pleasant rays of the sun—a sun that made a man glad for the gift of life.

Down the road a bee droned lazily and the softest of winds whirred in the hedges opposite. Corporal Malling, his tankard of good ale in one hand, read on.

At last he returned the letter to his breast pocket.

"You were right, landlord," he called out over his shoulder; "dead right about that young Santer——" There came a measured gritting tread on the sand in the brick-floored bar.

"What's that about young Santer?" asked Mr. John King, wiping his hands on his short apron.

"Oh——" The Corporal referred to the letter again. "Just what you were sayin' last night. He couldn't stand the rough ground that a man who joins a cavalry regiment has to go over before he comes to the smooth. . . . Here we are 'Santer has cleared at last. Went out of barracks last week and hasn't been heard of since.' . . . Well, I tried to give him a helping hand. Don't know what made me do it. Suppose the old feudal spirit in me. I remember when I used to touch my cap to him, as a boy, outside this very house. The 'Young Squire.' Oh, Lord, yes. The 'Young Squire' o' Malbury Hall. Poor devil—poor devil!"

The Corporal returned the letter to its resting-place under the button of a famous regiment of Lancers, and blew volumes of smoke into the air, thoughtfully.

Tom Burgess, breeched and legginged for riding, came up and raised his cap respectfully to his master.

"Goin' to exercise the horses, boy?" asked Mr. King.

"Unless there are any orders, sir——"

"No. No orders," said Mr. King, shortly.

"Ready, Corporal?" said Burgess. "I'll fetch the horses round. I see you're busy."

Mr. King watched the retreating form of his groom.

"An uncommonly nice boy—a good boy. But"—Mr. King shrugged his shoulders expressively—"I shall have to sell the horses. There's nothing doing this time of the year."

The Corporal looked up sharply.

"That means the road again for Burgess, eh?"

"I fear so. I fear so." And the ponderous Mr. King looked far over the opposite hedges and the freshening country in panorama beyond.

"Ah—but he's a fine lad, and I wish—oh, but if wishes were horses, beggars would ride, eh, Corporal?"

"Beggars would ride," the Corporal echoed slowly. Then he, also, fell to studying the surrounding scenery of the fair county of Leicestershire.

"Jobs are hard to get," the landlord went on, apropos of the matter which occupied both their minds.

"Even for good men," said the Corporal. "Yet it's a funny thing, landlord—but I know a job which would suit him down to the ground."

"Good guv'nor?" asked Mr. King, anxiously.

"The best in England," said the Corporal, still puffing voluminously. "Gives a man a bit o' brass on account soon as he enters his service——"

"I know," said Mr. King, "a shilling."

The Corporal laughed.

"Worst of it is, he's sometimes unlucky in his servants——"

"Santer didn't suit him," said the landlord, somnolently.

"Oh, he's had plenty of young ex-Squires. You know the sort of thing. Wrong at home, the wrong talk, the wrong girl, the wrong whisky, but when *this* gentleman takes 'em in, he expects 'em to be right from that day forth. *Men*, you know, Mr. King, men. Sometimes there's men's work to do, you know."

"H—m!" said the landlord, warningly—and Burgess, riding a chestnut horse and leading a bay, came out of the stable yard, finally relinquishing the bridle of the bay, amid much "whoa-ing," to the Corporal of Lancers.

"Malbury way?" asked Burgess, gathering up the reins in expert fashion and sitting back in the saddle.

"Yes," said the Corporal.

They started off at a walk.

"No, damn it," said the Corporal suddenly. "Let's try a change of air. Right wheel, Burgess, boy, and let your nag out a bit."

"What's the manœuvre?" asked Burgess, mechanically obeying.

"Got a fancy to have a ride round Malbury Hall and the park. . . . Pal o' mine used to live there. . . . Can*ter!*"

II.

For half an hour they rode on through leafy lanes, where gaping yokels gave them the "good mornin' to ye" which is the right of all travellers a-horse on country roads.

Sometimes dusty depths received them, and at others they rose up hills and crested rises in the road which showed them all that was good in "a land flowing with milk and honey."

Burgess as he rode on cast upon the surrounding panorama an eye that was altogether careless. A man of sense as he knows precisely when the horses under charge are performing the feat of their heads off." The hunting spa... business was done. No gentlemen in ... lously-shaped coats, with bowlers that ... silken hat-guards, and having the ... that distinguishes the true Englis... man, now assembled outside the ... and Horses" and humorously called ... John King for the loan of one ... "crocks" to take the place of a ... horse that was bandaged up in ... stables, after nobly and honourably ... completely to clear a stiff post and r... the Quorn was in full cry.

Also there were no longer rousing ... entertainments up at the big houses. ... cold nights that necessitated the ... brougham, and Burgess's services on t... were things of the wintry past.

"A pretty country, Tom," said the ... as he rode by his side.

"Yes," said Burgess. "I ... shall see many pretty countries ...

"They cross your stirrups ... saddle," the Corporal put in.

"That's one way of putting it, ... said Burgess.

"Mightn't be a long way out, either ... matter of fact," said the Corporal. "... said ... "I'm not in the Yeomanry now, Bur... gess. "Besides——"

He was interrupted by the Corpo... suddenly led the way down a sha... lane. He put up his hand.

"Burgess," said he, in a change... "I'm going to ask you a question. ... you, during any of the operations w... immediately follow, see anything a ... prising, may I take it that you can kee... tongue between your teeth?"

"You can," said Burgess, and rode ... the loose-surfaced lane in file, speaki... word.

Five minutes passed and they still ... ceeded in silence at a walk, progress ... ing ever more difficult as the lane na... and the horses stumbled occasionally ... hidden bramble roots that were strung ... the sandy-soiled way.

"Prepare to dismount!" hissed the ... poral, turning in his saddle.

Burgess obeyed.

"Dismount!"

They swung out of the saddle and t... the ground simultaneously.

"Well done!" said the Corpo... provingly. "In your Regiment they ... you horsemanship and how to ... tongue. I don't know another chap ... land who wouldn't have asked what I ... kept dark long before this time. ... there's a convenient tree. We must tet... horses."

Burgess again obeyed the Corporal's ... mand.

"As you're conducting this little op... whatever it may be, consider me as a T... in your own Regiment, Corporal," said ...

"As a Trooper in my own Reg... Right. Well, you'll see that we a... near the upper lodge gates of Malbury ... palatial park——"

"Only we've come a very roundabo... to get here," said Burgess.

"And not without reason. (Would ... mind just sitting this side of me? It ... slight cover to my conspicuous attire, ... at the moment, I most particularly d... seen.)"

Following the example of the Co... Burgess had seated himself on a ban... some thickly-wooded land.

"Go on," said he. The Corporal ... into his pocket and withdrew his hand ... closing his fist over some small objec...

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Last night," said the Corporal, "you may
ember that I complained of a draught——"
Fancy *you* complaining of a draught,"
Burgess, with meaning. "But I saw the
d flap, too."
Gosh! You've got a bit of observa-
," said the Corporal.
You went to the window," Burgess con-
d, "and shut it up."
The Corporal flicked a green fly from his
d and gazed at his half-smiling *vis-à-vis*.
You've left one thing out, you young
mint," said the Corporal. "You don't catch
old bird with chaff, young man!"
Well, I might have added that you
ked out of the window down the road and
down again, first pickin' up a paper to
e a look of surprise that you knew was on
r face. That's all I know. After that I
the trail."
So did I," said the Corporal, "with the
eption of the fact that I had seen a man
cavalry cloak—who had previously peered
ugh that blind—scootin' off in the moon-
t. I knew no more than you. Now—the
poral held out his fist—I didn't know who
was until this mornin'. Look at that
on."
The Corporal unclosed his fingers.
It's a button with the crest of your Regi-
nt," said Burgess, examining it.
Is that all you can see in it?" asked the
poral.
Probably you picked it up outside the
dow this morning?"
Right. Go on."
Well, that's all, as far as I can see."
The Corporal laughed.
Look," said he, and indicated a suspicion
verdigris on the beading of the extreme
.
Only one man," he said, as the centre
the button reflected back the rays of the
, "would wear such a filthy button as that
his tunic, and that man is Reginald Grey
er, whose late father was Squire of Mal-
Hall, and who now is a deserter from
Lancers at present stationed at Canter-
——"
Phew!" said Burgess, whistling softly.
The Corporal lit a cigarette and puffed
silence for the space of three minutes in
p thought.
Yes," said he, "young Santer is in hiding
these parts. There——"
He pointed a long hand to where blue
oke curled above some trees in a hollow.
At the Lodge?" asked Burgess.
Yes. He went wrong here, but the old
tekeeper fairly worshipped him. He'll get
hange of rig there, and——"
The Corporal broke off suddenly.
Double down this lane and get under
er against the fencing. Come on!" he
.

Breathless they reached the tall park
ngs at the blind end of the lane. A
p of earth newly thrown up for drain con-
ction afforded them cover, from which they
a full view of the wooded land and the
way from the Lodge.
At a nudge from the Corporal, Burgess
cted his gaze upon the pathway.
A young man in a long threadbare coat,
ch obviously did not fit him, was waving
wells to a man in velveteens who stood
he little garden gate of the Lodge.
Didn't you hear him crashing over the
nble? Made more noise than half a
ery," growled the Corporal under his
th. "Keep low, keep low."
The young man, whose pale face showed
several days' growth of beard, looked
iously around him, settled his head and
as low into the turned-up coat collar
possible, and strode uncertainly on.
There was a cracking in the undergrowth
by, and the man shuddering dropped full
length into a hollow by the side of the rugged pathway.

"What nerves! Poor devil!" exclaimed the Corporal, as a vixen dived into the undergrowth behind them.

"And what an amateurish way of taking cover," Burgess criticised, his feelings as a strategist momentarily getting the better of his humanity. "I can see three better places than that. . . . But, I say, Corporal, *you've* no bloomin' orders to arrest him. *You* aren't goin' to lug him back to the barracks, are you?"

"My moral duty," began the Corporal.

"Curse your moral duty," said Burgess in a tense whisper.

"It's important that our Regiment should be kept up to strength," said the Corporal. "Keep down, man——"

Trooper Santer had raised his head cautiously and was stealing along stealthily and slowly towards the two in ambush behind the mound.

The Corporal by Burgess's side proceeded to scribble something on the back of an envelope.

"Burgess," said he, suddenly, "you see the man now approaching us——"

"I do—and I'll see *you* in hell before I help you to detain the poor devil——"

"Don't talk so loud. Look here and listen to reason. We get too many gutter-sweepings in the Army. We want decent *men*. Now, the young man approaching us would be all right if he hadn't been educated up to commanding from his earliest infancy. A little more teaching how to obey would make him useful at the finish and——"

"I'll not help you to send him back to a life he loathes!" Burgess reiterated.

"Very well. I'm open to an offer. Exchange, Burgess, is no robbery. What the devil do I mean? Simply, boy, that I return to Canterbury to-morrow. In a few seconds a waster will have passed us. I want to take a *man* back in his place to Canterbury—a man whom I'll see through!"

The Corporal regarded the reddening young man by his side.

"You mean it?" asked Burgess.

"Trooper Burgess," said the Corporal suddenly; "advance three paces and hand this note and this"—some gold chinked—"to ex-Trooper Santer who passes now. For him it's Liverpool to Montreal. For you—Canterbury."

Burgess looked straight into the Corporal's grey eyes.

"Give me the note," said he. "It's a ——"

"Fair exchange—with a balance in favour of the Regiment!" said the Corporal.

THE END.

[*It gives me pleasure to announce that next week there will appear the first of the new series of complete stories dealing with the further fortunes of "Richard Selby, Englishman."*—EDITOR.]

SPORT AND MUSCLES.

Has it ever struck you that each separate sport or game makes a special call on one particular muscle or group of muscles.

The muscle, for instance, that is of especial service to the boxer is the triceps; the rowing man puts the most strain on his abdominal muscles; the fencer upon those of the forearm, and the Rugby forward on those of the legs and back.

Few people, by the way, are aware that the part of the racing walker's anatomy which is of the greatest importance to him is not a muscle at all, but a tendon. You will often see a man starting on a walking race, when not fully trained, at a fast pace which he will manage to sustain for perhaps half a mile. But after that distance, he will limp perceptibly. This is because his Achilles tendon has given way.

THE HUMOURS OF SCRATCH CRICKET.

There is no more jolly occupation for a "lazy day" than a scratch game of cricket, for the reason that its inherent humour is so marked.

Such games are generally got up by the local curate, who learned his cricket at a preparatory school, and specialises in forward play of a particularly "poky" type. The demon bowler is a freckled-faced, red-haired boy of twelve or so; and a picturesque figure in flannels and pads is a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, the hero of a hundred punitive expeditions to the hills, who makes a lusty swipe at a yorker, subsides on to the stumps, and retires muttering "oaths loud and deep."

But the climax is reached when some thirsty and thoughtless soul, eager for a cooling drink, and too impatient to wait for a corkscrew, endeavours to knock the top off a bottle of soda with a cricket stump.

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THE EPICURE

AN IMPRESSION.

Among the foremost of those who have done noble deeds and yet gone unrequited — unseeing through life and afforded not a "stick" of obituary at their demise—are the men who have made the City of London a place of Courts and alleyways, with little comparative mole-galleries running off the principal ways, and leading to quaintly-named, dingy, but never-forgotten, havens of refuge for the man who has set eyes on "a-chap-I-don't-want-to-see."

How many perspiring debtors, perceiving pressing creditors sailing gaily down the street wearing the owe-not-any-man smile, have not lifted up their voices in praise for the fact that London contains such excellent dives as Bolt Court, Red Lion Court, Poppin's Court, or, to go further East, Change Alley, Pope's Head Alley, and the like?

They lift their voices in obscure bars in praise of these things, the while they wash their parched throats with London stout, and it is for me to place on record that it is the sleek Casserole, a law clerk of Chancery Lane, whom the courts and alleys of Fleet Street assist me, in these days, to avoid.

Now, to a flaky-crusted beef patty I owe a life-long grudge for practically introducing me to young Mr. Casserole.

You who work in the City are acquainted with those snacks which repose under thick glass domes upon the counters of many a comfortably upholstered saloon. It is the stock lunch-time joke to say something that is supposed to be cutting at the expense of these snacks, a mean way of scoring off dumb things, to my mind.

Their origin is attributed to anything from pet (and mangy) Pomeranians who have lost the affections of their mistresses, to specimens of the Old English black rat caught in sewers. For all that, the gentlemen of the City continue to find they go very well with a glass of beer or a tankard of stout when the funds are low and blank financial starvation has reigned since Wednesday.

I think it must have been a Thursday when I walked into the Fleet Street house of call which I shall term "The Open Arms," the gaping doors of which were always ready to receive one.

The place was particularly noted for its snacks, and between Wednesday and Saturday its trade was a thing for wonderment. The method of procedure for the flippant-minded gentlemen of the City was to appropriate a tall stool against the brass-railed counter, and, first fixing the eye of one of the three peroxide-haired barmaids call out:

"Glass o' bitter and a rabbit-cat-and-pup pie, please!"

With the healthy appetite of youth, I bit into my first rabbit-cat-and-pup, and found it good—very good. Within three minutes I had come to the last flake. I suppose my face must have showed it, for a voice—it was Casserole's—by my side, said,

"Shake!"

Mechanically I put out my hand.

"Those beef patties," said I, "are glorious."

"The crust fairly melts in your mouth," said Casserole, approvingly.

"Quicker than a Neapolitan ice would melt in Hades," I said, fervently, and wished I could afford another.

"Shake again!" said Casserole. "Thank heaven I've met a genuine epicure at last! Honour me by lunching with me on Monday, will you? I know a place where you can get the finest rissoles in London."

Thus, he left me on that never-to-be-forgotten Thursday, and Monday started it.

We explored the wilds of Soho, and there, in a cheap Italian restaurant, he introduced me to those rissoles. As we entered, the very greasiest of all imaginable waiters bowed before us and escorted Casserole, whom he had evidently served aforetime, to a marble-topped table, which would have been the better for a wash. To the wall-paper a similar remark could be applied.

Those rissoles may have been beautiful, and they had evidently been cooked precisely to the turn that Casserole—who was a veritable Newnham-Davis at about six stone four—desired; but halfway through the first oily mess I confessed to an indisposition which I alleged I had felt all day, and on the score of pressing business in the country I excused myself from further lunches with Casserole.

Fate, however, dashed me right on to his corns a month later. He grasped my arm immediately.

I was dragged feebly protesting through the crowd that thronged the pavement, while he revealed to me his great discovery.

After a comprehensive tour round all the West-End restaurants, it seemed that he had made the startling discovery that cart-drivers were the only people who were really supplied with *the* genuine steak-and-kidney pie.

Leaving me no time to protest, he conducted me to a little restaurant off Tottenham Court Road. A board above the main entrance stated that it was a "Good pull-up for Carmen."

Momentarily wondering what Carmen, who should have been on at the Opera, was doing in Tottenham Court Road, I was awakened to my senses by a gust of hot savoury air and the voice of Casserole calling above some dozens of crunching jaws,

"Two portions, please, with sauté potatoes!"

A fat wench in a generously-patterned dress served us with our respective portions at a table innocent of cloth. I sat upon a form next a man who was evidently connected with Pickfords, and was of the genial-spirited sort. His *vis-à-vis*, one addressed as "Carter-Paterson," was, however, inclined to be argumentative on the Liberal side, while Pickford was evidently a hot Tory.

Over the steaming plates of really excellent steak-and-kidney pie, rich in gravy that ran in oily ridges around the soft crust, the battle raged.

"*I* shall never support the bloomin' Lords," said Carter-Paterson grandly.

"They won't fret about it, anyways," said Pickford genially. "If a Tory candidate was to see a feller with a face like yours comin' to vote for him, 'e'd tell you to shut your mouf in case the voters was to mistake it for the ballot-box!"

Then did Carter-Paterson arise in his rage, with fury in his eye, and a large slab of steak-and-kidney gravied crust in his hand.

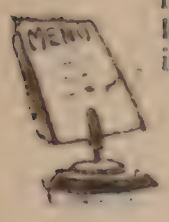
"That"—he flung it into Pickford's face—"is 'ow I'll shut *yours!*"

When we got outside, both Casserole and I were walking steak-and-kidney pies.

"Come round the corner," said Casserole with delight. "Walk slowly"—he picked a portion of kidney from my waistcoat—"*and you won't waste a bit!*"

It is with the stealth of a Red Indian that I creep down Fleet Street now. Should you by chance ever espy a panting young man in ambush in any of Fleet Street's courts about lunch-time, you will know that Casserole is somewhere near.

G. SAINSBURY.



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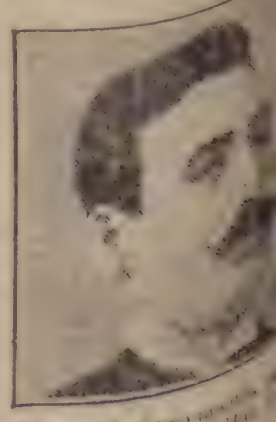

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W. F. (Beckenham).—Send a blast of steam through your pipes. Any engine-driver will do for you for a tip.

T. (Brixton).—When in one job it seems the hardest thing to get another. This is a delusion of which most of us suffer from; but do not throw up one job unless you are certain of another. Just now there are hundreds of good men hungering for work.

G. G. (Fulham).—The weather forecast in the newspapers is prepared by Government experts, and can be relied upon as to the immediate future. Consult the forecast before deciding your equipment for walk or ride.

A. (Watford).—It is not advisable to practise cricket with a ball that is much lighter or heavier than the match ball. Half an ounce makes a lot of difference in speed, pitch, and in other ways. A cricket ball should weigh 5½oz. to 5¾ oz. Good luck to your club.

C. (Ipswich).—Many of the best-known men in the betting world never bet. They love horses and horsemanship for their own sake.

M. (Carlisle).—An ideal outlet for your talents would be found in the office of the steward, agent, or bailiff on a large country estate.

K. (Chichester).—You should have no difficulty in letting your bungalow for the summer. It is in a popular district. As it would suit a few people an advertisement in THE MODERN MAN would help you.

W. (Teddington).—Indulge in gossip with the builders and boat-letting men and you will hear of many a good bargain which will save you a great deal of money.

E. (Mitcham).—You will not persuade us, old man, that she really meant "No." Your portrait, we fear, will not lead us to the conclusion that she would have you, other circumstances being what they were. Try again!

A. (Hastings).—Drop cigarettes. There are some people they don't suit, and you appear to be one of them.

D. AND THREE FRIENDS (Gravesend).—Best wishes for the group. It will shortly hang in the study among many like it.

E. (Skipton).—Do not practise over gates and hurdles at first. Hedges, with a certain amount of "give" in their tops, are better, in case you jump low. It is a capital plan to lay a light pole on the top of a hedge and try clearing this. Best luck to you at your athletic meeting.

H. (Brighton).—Glad to hear of your success. Here's honour both to you and the League.

R. (Eastbourne).—You need not fear prosecution. While motor-cars are rushing along at your pace no policeman will think of taking the name and address of a humble cyclist. But don't ride recklessly.

A. (Wimbledon).—If you know nothing about it beyond text-book directions, leave poultry-keeping alone. It is a deep well into which many pounds have been irretrievably cast.

J. T. F. (Bedford). — Sketches, artistically executed in small frames, make a delightful souvenir of your rambles. The idea is excellent. Thanks for all you do to make all your pals read THE MODERN MAN.

A. (Horley).—Picnics are most enjoyable—when somebody else carries the food and utensils. It depends on the company.

C. (Croydon). — Certainly. Although the cigarettes of the Dutch Cigar Co. are remarkably cheap they are excellent in quality.

P. (Beckenham).—Sorry your pal bores you. Incessant puns are annoying, and about ten thousand are worth making. Leave him where he can see it.

E. (Raynes Park).—Take your idea to any reliable publisher. His reader or his manager will tell you at once whether it is a marketable one.

M. (Finchley).—Trellis work looks well when covered with climbing roses, but in winter it is apt to get shabby. Never neglect a loose or broken lath.

LAW FOR THE CLUB-MAN

A QUALIFIED SOLICITOR GIVES HINTS THAT WILL SAVE MANY DISPUTES.

Now that the days are lengthening, the thoughts of the average man turn to the time he can stroll down to his club ground and have a few minutes net practice, a knock-up on the tennis court, or indulge himself in such other pastime as his athletic proclivities suggest.

Perhaps he is not a member of any sports club, and is looking round for a club where he can find a few congenial souls who play his favourite game, or, perhaps, he has been a member of his club for some time and is about to be put upon the committee. In either case it is well that he should know what his responsibilities will be.

Most sports clubs have a club ground and premises which are either owned outright by the club or which are rented on a tenancy agreement or lease in the name of the club—the agreement or lease usually being in the names of the committee. New tackle is constantly being purchased, and debts incurred in other directions.

POWER OF EXPULSION.

The club property belongs to the members of the club, and each member is, jointly with the other members, the owner of the property, and he cannot be deprived of his rights in the property unless by resignation or expulsion, and, with regard to the latter, no member can be expelled from his club unless the club rules contain some rule giving power to expel.

All members are bound by the club rules and, provided members have opportunities of inspecting the rules, they are presumed to be acquainted with them.

If the rules contain power to expel a member, courts of law rarely interfere with the exercise of such power, unless malice can be shown, or it can be proved that the expulsion is not in accordance with the legal interpretation of the rule.

When the rules are once made they cannot be altered, excepting with the consent of all the club members, unless the rules contain provisions enabling them to be altered.

MEMBERS' LIABILITY.

This is oftentimes of great importance, and should be borne in mind when drawing up club rules or when it is proposed to alter them, such as increasing the club subscription or making other alteration.

Unless there is something to the contrary in the rules, ordinary club members are not personally liable for the club debts.

The liability of each ordinary member is restricted to his subscription, and so long as he pays this he is freed from further financial liability.

The liability of the committeeman is usually very different. The general management of club matters is usually vested in the committee, and the club premises taken on lease or tenancy in their name. In such cases the committee are personally responsible for the rent and the performance and observance of the agreements contained in the lease or tenancy agreement.

WHEN BUYING GOODS.

It should be borne in mind by committeemen that each member of the committee is liable only in respect of contracts for the purchase of club equipment that he has authorised.

If a resolution to buy something was passed at a meeting at which he was not present, or at which he did not vote, he is not responsible for that matter.

The safe course either for the committeeman, or the ordinary member who purchases tackle for the club, is to inform the tradesman at the time of purchase, if the transaction is a credit one, that he is purchasing it as the agent of the club, and to see that the account he receives is made out to the club.

By adopting this course he escapes being personally responsible for the account. By omitting to do so he runs the risk of having himself to discharge the account, as the tradesman may very properly contend that credit was given to the member and not to the club.

INSURING THE GROUNDSMAN.

It is always advisable for a club to insure the groundsman and any other person who looks after the club ground against Workmen's Compensation risks.

In cricket clubs where a professional is engaged, he should be insured also, as the courts have decided that professional footballers are "workmen," and the same ruling will apply to those engaged in cricket.

On the resignation of a member he loses all his rights in the property of the club.

In the event of the club being dissolved, the club property is divisible amongst the persons who are members at the time of dissolution.

P. M. H.

Theatre Magazine: "A mystic of the first rank. He reeled off my life, giving dates, incidents, describing the people and scenes; that which is puzzling me most is that some of the future which he predicted is actually happening."
CLIFTON BINGHAM writes: "Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."
DR. COOPER, M.R.C.S.: "The surprising accuracy with which he reads your past and future is startling. One fancies that if he had the advice of such a faithful guno in the early part of one's career, much of the disappointment might be avoided."
Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/-, for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a
FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE
from chart, to advertise my success.
PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.
A Professional Man writes: YOU
ASTONISH AND HELP

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. F. SAUNDERS.

FORGETTING THINGS.

What man is here who can pack up his belongings and go away even for a week-end without finding that he has forgotten something?

He will be lucky if it is only a stud or something that he can easily replace, and not a coat or something more important.

The plan I always adopt to guard against this as far as possible is the simple one of deliberately thinking of every article of my attire from my feet upwards, and asking myself whether I have packed each in turn.

Boots, slippers, socks, breeches, trousers, underclothes, and so on, I go through every detail, one after the other, and if I am taking evening dress, I take care to clothe myself mentally in it, and to see whether I have everything.

Have I packed a dress-shirt, and have I a sufficient number of studs for the particular shirt that I am taking? Have I packed suitable collars and ties, and, above all, have I plenty of handkerchiefs. These are things that one is very liable to overlook in the mental survey one takes.

Another thing that I have forgotten more than once is a cap. If you are going into the country, there is nothing more annoying than to find yourself stranded with no other headgear than a "bowler."

The secret is to think of your costume in all the circumstances in which you are likely to find yourself while you are away.

Such things as your overcoat, walking-stick, and so on, you are not likely to forget.

Another useful tip for reminding you of various etceteras which the above plan might not recall to you, is easily followed if the bag you take away with you is generally the same one.

When you have emptied it on returning home and are stowing it away in the box-room or under your bed, put into it your sponge-bag, your boot-bags (if you are wise enough to use them), your brush-case (if it is not in regular use), your collar-box, and any other similar cases or bags which are only used when you are travelling. These will be found in your bag when you are about to pack it on the next occasion, and will serve to remind you to take their contents.

STRAW HATS.

There are few circumstances in which the straw hat is out of place in summer weather, and it is a hat which allows a man a wide range of taste as to shape and hue without making him singular or obviously out of the prevailing fashion.

This year the hat with the narrow brim—narrow and stiff—seems to be the kind most favoured, and certainly it is the most convenient and hardest wearing.

Those who took care to see that last year's straw hat was safely put away, will find that it is, in regard to general condition, quite serviceable for a second season. All that it may require is a surface cleaning, and for this there are many simple preparations.

It is sometimes necessary to have a new inside band put into an old hat. The band gets worn where it touches the head, and a new one ensures comfort while wearing the hat.

SHOE LACES.

I noticed a young man the other day who had apparently invented a new fashion for himself in the method of tying shoe laces.

Unfortunately the result was not so attractive that I would recommend it to my readers.

He was wearing a pair of black brogues of the Derby pattern, with the flaps containing the lace-holes not stitched down at the bottom.

He had put the laces, which were an inch or more broad, into the shoes upside down, starting with the two top holes, and bringing the two ends out at the bottom ones.

Here he had tied a large and neat bow, which naturally lay almost on the flat part of his foot below the instep.

The result, somehow, was a singularly feminine effect, for his shoes looked like a girl's.

The large bow, which is undoubtedly fashionable just now, does not seem to look unmanly when worn in the proper place, but it is certainly so when it appears so low down.

At a little distance it looks as if the top of the shoe only came to that height, and one marvels at any man apparently wearing such unserviceable foot-gear.

KEY-CHAINS.

They are amongst the most convenient of adjuncts for the man who is obliged to carry a bunch of keys about on him. Most of us have at least three or four, and a chain, fastened to the braces at one end and to the key-ring at the other, is a necessity.

The chain, too, can so easily be dragged from the pocket as you reach home, and by running your hand along it you will reach the bunch and select the key required.

But in this fatal ease and convenience lies the snare of the key-chain. Probably every other time that you haul out your keys, one of them is sure to catch in the edge of your pocket. You give an extra tug, and the bunch comes jingling out.

Unconsciously you have done the damage. After a very few tugs of this sort the edge of the cloth at the pocket opening is jagged, frayed, and altogether disreputable.

The running in and out of the key-chain accentuates the damage, and the trousers are spoiled.

There is no remedy for this, short of the heroic one of doing without the chain.

SUMMER OVERCOATS.

There is no garment more useful to a man throughout our English summer months than a light overcoat which has also rain-proof or, at least, rain-resisting qualities.

You are away from home at a tennis party. You have gone by train, perhaps. After the games are done and you are enjoying tea, heavy clouds rise and down comes the thunder shower.

It is necessary that you should catch a certain train, and you have to bolt for it. Now a light summer overcoat will make all the difference in this, and in innumerable similar cases, between discomfort and comfort.

These coats can be made in the lightest of materials. Indeed, the lighter the better, consistent with their power to keep out a heavy shower.

They should be made of smooth cloth, and they should be made with some eye to style and cut.

If of rough cloth they are apt to have that blanket-like appearance that winter coats have, and in a thin summer coat t desirable.

There need be few pockets, but am should be an outside ticket pocket wi This is convenient, and saves unbutto coat to get the ticket. While sitting in carriage after a hard afternoon's cricket dangerous to throw open the coat.

Another useful tip is to have the sid cut with a slit, so that the hand can pas to the trouser pocket where your money

The lightness of the coat will prevent ing of excessive clothing. It will look w with care, and it will be a great saf health.

It is often possible to improve the app a last year's coat very considerably by h collar cleaned and pressed. It is a crumpled by frequently being turne showers of rain.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crea

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers a Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATE FITTINGS, 1½in. steel crossbars. Full lengt Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAY APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List. Free.*

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, L

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quic ductory medium for all desiring a m alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, Lon Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING C

Invaluable for walking, shooting, riding, and all outdoor spo This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer. Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH T

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Se

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C

Every Londoner should make a point of cal

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There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed o." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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DRESS.

he yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. onthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, lling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

w superior coat-hangers to clear, highly polished, . post free; usual price, 1s. 9d.—Box 2249, "The odern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

riding breeches, good make, quite new, buckskin appings, waist 33in., calf 14in.; price 25s.—Box 03, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

tleman's hunting coat, white corduroy breeches, pairs top boots, size sevens, with trees, all new.— ox 3004, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

hill's leather motor breeches and gaiters com- ned, worn twice, 36in. waist; sacrifice 22s.—Box 05, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

k coat, in splendid condition, fit man about t. 7in.; 10s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3006, "The odern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

odern Man" wishes to communicate with other odern Manites with a view to forming a week- d camping club.—M. M., 28, Derwent Grove, ast Dulwich, S.E.

ientific Boxing," by J. J. Corbett, shows how to knock 'em all out." 50 photos. Customers say: Splendid book." 8d.; order immediately.—M. hompson-Hughes, Coventry.

Sale. Punch-ball, from floor to ceiling type, most new, with gloves; cost 18s., will take 12s.— ox 3000, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

bonzoline billiard balls, perfect condition; offers sh; exchange camera, boxing gloves, part cycle. Box 3007, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

ted, cricket bag, cowhide, large size; private; od condition.—Box 3008, "The Modern Man," , Tudor Street, London, E.C.

nted, varnished dinghy; about £4.—Box 3009, The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

cket bat, Corbett's specially selected Jubilee, full ze, well seasoned, good condition.—Box 3010, The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

size slate bagatelle table, mahogany frame, no gs; requires new cushions and cover; take 25s. near offer.—Box 3011, "The Modern Man," 21, udor Street, London, E.C.

set, complete, 8 mallets, &c., 27s.—Box 3012, The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, .C.

den tent wanted, about 6ft. square, no centre le, good condition, state size and price.—Box 013, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

of Wizard roller skates, ball bearings, adjust- le; 8s. 6d.—Box 3014, "The Modern Man," 21, udor Street, London, E.C.

echloading garden rifle, No. 1 bullets, good con- lition; 10s.—Box 3015, "The Modern Man," 21, ndor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

fortable diggings for Modern Men, book early.— ember League, 22, Isaacs Road, Gt. Yarmouth.

TORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

p. Bradbury spring fork H.B.C., new tyre, spare elt, low, perfect running order, climb anything; 13, offers.—Box 3016, "The Modern Man," 21, ndor Street, London, E.C.

Humber motor cycle, in perfect running order, ain driven, new accumulator (cost 18/6), £9.— ox 3017, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C.

16s. Sunbeam, 26in., new last year, 2-speed, oil th gear case; complete, £11 11s.—Box 3018, The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London E.C.

SADDLERY.

Gentleman's handsome pigskin saddle, leather lined, nearly new, nickel stirrups, girths, cost 140s.; accept 60s., near offer.—Box 3019, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Trade Bad? Let me be your Business Doctor. No matter what your trade may be, I will write up business-compelling advertisements. One of London's most successful copy writers.—Write, "Success," Box 3020, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Earn £5 per week. Learn to write Advertisements. We teach you until efficient, and help you to find a position. Prospectus free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

DOGS.

Bull-terrier dog puppy, 5 months, by King's Messenger, make big one, best of pals, 37s. 6d.—Stake, Woodhead, Burley-Wharfedale.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

FINANCIAL, &c.

143 British Homes 5 p.c. preferred and deferred £1 shares, at 22s. 6d. each.—Box 3021, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3022, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£60 wanted immediately by business man in good position, good interest, private lender preferred.—Box 3023, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 Provident certificate, ballot section, £10 6s. 8d. paid in; what offers?—Box 3024, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, ½-plate camera, in exchange for gentleman's cycle, new condition, complete; or would sell, 38s.—Box 3030, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, ¼-plate Instantograph camera, with two double dark slides, instantaneous shutter and canvas bag; bargain, 15s. 6d.—Box 3031, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London E.C.

Wanted, 3A Folding Pocket Kodak or No. 4 Kodak; approval; exchange very good zither mandoline, almost new, with well-made case; approval.—Box 3032, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Pimples, blackheads, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed cure, recipe 1s. (postal order). Why pay pounds for useless quack remedies when you can have a certain cure and know what you are taking; warranted.—Whyte's Publishing Company, 107, Donegall Street, Belfast.

Indigestion. Premier cure; instant relief; no purgatives; post free 7d. and 1s. 1d.—Hamilton, 56, High Street, Islington, London.

Dr. Carter's Liniment or Embrocation speedily relieves deep-seated Inflammation, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chronic Glandular Enlargements, and Affections of the Joints. Cures Sprains and Paralytic Numbness. An invaluable preparation for Athletes as a Muscle Stimulant. Removes Stiffness. Shake well and rub affected parts. 2s. 9d. size, P.O. 1s., post free. Sole manufacturers, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W. British made.

MEDICAL, &c.

Your bodily weight rapidly increased. Send 4d. stamps for instructions.—Cyril Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3025, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3026, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Officer's servant will sell pair genuine military regulation field glasses: bargain, 15s.—Box 3001, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; both quite new, never been used.—Box 2265, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology.—Two Years' events. The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. Mercury, L. K., Llandaff, Glam.

Beautifully-carved solid Spanish mahogany sideboard, 7ft. long, in perfect condition. Can be seen at private residence. Seventy years old. Cost £80, will take £30.—Box 3027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology, coming events, marriage, business, speculations, etc. My information will surprise you. Birthtime required. Fee 1s.—Ball, 32, Broadway, Kettering, Est. 30 years.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 234, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

SPECIAL "MODERN MAN" OFFER!

JUNE 4.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

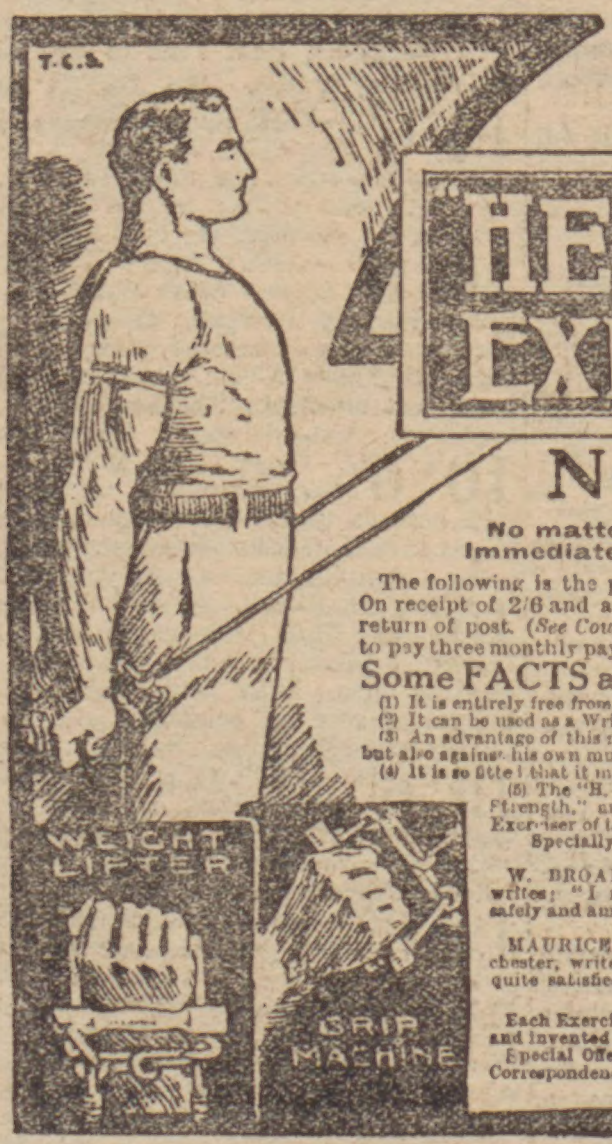
		Suitable for age
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12/6	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10/6	16 upwards.

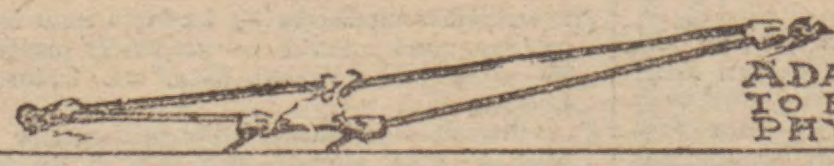
Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.





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(1) It is entirely free from complication, being a single strand of India-rubber.
(2) It can be used as a Wrist-Grip Machine, Chest Expander, Weight-lifter, and Ordinary Developer.
(3) An advantage of this machine is that the user is not only exercising by pulling against the rubber, but also against his own muscles as well.
(4) It is so little that it may be used by members of both sexes as well as children with equal facility.
(5) The "H. & S." Developer has been specially designed by the Editor of "Health & Strength," and completely does away with all the objections offered to the ordinary Exerciser of this kind.

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Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.